

THE
Monthly Miscellany,
For APRIL, 1777.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
A Dialogue between two LADIES of
the COTERIE.
(Illustrated with a beautiful Plate.)

LADY L. What a deal of fine
scandal is now preparing for
our regale. The women of true
taste were never half so spirited as
they are at present.

Lady G. What Stanhope did,
and Chesterfield approved, must sure
be right.

Lady L. Aye, why indeed can
it be questioned?—What is gaiety
and gallantry in Paris, can never be
criminal in London.

Lady G. Have we not borrowed
almost all the French fashions, and
shall that which affords the greatest
pleasure be debarred us?

Lady L. Forbid it, Cupid!—
Forbid it, Love?

Lady G. It is a mark of true
genius (and here he is) to conduct
an intrigue with decency and dexte-
rity.

Lady L. This whole life is but
a variegated system of intrigue from

the "premier" down to the "bour-
geois," and since we can neither
figure as statesmen or traders, let us
exert our abilities to display our ta-
lents in intrigue; the only way that
is left for us.

Lady G. Bravo! worthy of a
Centlivre! *CHARACTER OF ROSCOP, by the late
Dr. SMOLLET.*

IT is not for the qualities of his
heart, that this little Parasite
is invited to the tables of Dukes and
Lords; who hire extraordinary cooks
for his entertainment. His avarice
they see not; his ingratitudes they
feel not; his hypocrisy accommo-
dates itself to their humours, and is
of consequence pleasing; but he is
chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and
will be admitted into the choicest
parties of quality for his talent of
mimicking Punch, and his wife Joan,
when a poet of the most exquisite
genius is not able to attract the least
regard. (See Roderick Random,
v. 2. p. 260.) I am your a. &c.

Q A COPYIST,

Extract of a Letter from M. VOLTAIRE to the FRENCH ACADEMY: Containing an APPEAL to that Society on the MERITS of the English Dramatic Poet SHAKESPEARE. Read before the Academy on the Day of St. Louis, 1776. Translated from the Original Edition just published at Paris.

THE circumstance which gave occasion to this appeal (as the Editor informs the Reader in his Preface) was the appearance of a French translation of Shakespeare at Paris, which had obtained a very liberal subscription, and the work was received with general approbation in France. It is somewhat remarkable (adds the Editor) that Voltaire, who first made Shakespeare known in that kingdom, should now publicly write against him,

The following are M. Voltaire's remarks on the tragedy of Hamlet:

SOME of you, gentlemen, know that there exists a tragedy of Shakespeare called Hamlet, in which a spirit appears first of all to two centinels and an officer, without saying a word to them; after which he vanishes at the crowing of a cock. One of the Spectators observes, that spirits are wont to disappear at the crowing of the cock about the end of December, on account of the birth of our Saviour.

This ghost is the father of Hamlet, who in his life was king of Denmark. His widow Gertrude, mother of Hamlet, has married the brother of the defunct a short time after the death of her husband. This Hamlet in a soliloquy cries out:

Hamlet: Frailty, thy name is woman! A little month, or ere those shoes were old With which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe all tears—why she, e'en she, O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason Would have mourn'd longer—

It is not worth while observing that cannon is fired at the rejoicings of the Queen Gertrude and her new husband, and at a contention of fencing in the fifth act, although the action is passing in the ninth century, before the invention of cannon. This little inadvertency is not more remarkable, than that of making Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, and appeal to Jesus our Saviour, at a time when Denmark knew no more of christianity than of powder and cannon.

But the most important circumstance is, that the apparition informs his son in a very long *tete a tete*, that his wife and brother had poisoned him by the ear.

Hamlet is disposed to revenge his father; and in order to give no umbrage to Gertrude, he counterfeits a madman during the whole piece. In one of the paroxysms of his first transport, he has a conversation with his mother Gertrude. The Great Chamberlain of the King conceals himself behind the tapestry. The hero calls out that he hears a rat, and kills the Great Chamberlain. The daughter of this officer of the crown, who had an affection for Hamlet, becomes really mad, throws herself into the water, and is drowned.

The theatre then at the fifth act represents a church and a churchyard, although the Danes, idolaters in the first act, were not become christians in the fifth. The sextons dig the grave of this poor girl; and ask each other, if a drowned person ought to be buried in holy land? They then sing ballads suiting their profession and manners, turn up the earth, and shew the public the skulls of the dead. After this Hamlet and the brother of his mistress jump into the grave and box each other. One of your society, gentlemen, has dared to remark, that these witticisms,

ticisms, which perhaps were conformable to the times of Shakespeare, were not sufficiently tragical for the age of my Lords Carteret, Chesterfield and Lyttelton; and that the managers had retrenched them from the London theatre; and Mr. Marmontel, in one of his works, congratulates the English nation on it. "They abridge Shakespeare (says he) every day, and correct him. The celebrated Garrick has lately lopt off from his stage the scene of the grave-diggers, and almost all the fifth act; and the piece and the author have been more applauded."

The translator does not agree to this truth; he takes the part of the grave-diggers. He wishes them to be preserved, as the respective monuments of a singular genius. It is true, that there are a hundred passages in this work, and in every part of Shakespeare, equally noble, equally decent, equally sublime, and conducted with equal art; but the translator gives the preference to the grave-diggers: he grounds his reason on their having preserved this humane scene on the other London theatre; and seems to demand, that we should imitate this charming exhibition.

The same author has taken that happy liberty by which all the actors pass in a moment in a vessel through the open sea, five hundred miles over the continent, from an alehouse into a palace, and from Europe to Asia. The highest pitch of art, according to him, or rather the most natural beauty, is to represent an action, or many actions at the same time, which continue half a century.

In vain has the wise Despreaux, the legislator of good taste throughout all Europe, said in his Art of poetry: "A poet on the other side the Pyrenees, may include, without danger, whole years within a day upon the stage; it is there only

that the hero of a barbarous performance, a child in the first act, becomes a dotard in the last."

In vain may one quote to him examples from the Greeks, who found out the three natural unities. In vain might one tell him of the Italians, who, long before Shakespeare, revived the fine arts at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and faithfully adhered to the three great laws of good sense, unity of place, unity of time, and unity of action. In vain may he behold the Sophonisba of the archbishop Trifino, the Rosamond and Orestes of Ruccellai, the Dido of Dolee, and many other pieces composed in Italy, near a hundred years before Shakespeare wrote at London, all subservient to the judicious rules laid down by the Greeks.

In vain may he be shewn that the Aminto of Tasso, and the Pastor Fido of Querini, do not violate in a great degree the same rules; and that this difficulty surmounted, is a charm which enchants every person of taste. In vain may you insist on the example of all painters, amongst whom not one is to be found who has painted different actions on the same canvas. To-day, gentlemen, a decision is given, that the unities are a chimerical law, because Shakespeare has regarded none of them, and because it is wished to deprecate us, by pretending that we have no other merit.

It is not our intention here to determine, whether Shakespeare was the creator of the English theatre. We easily agree that he was superior to his cotemporaries; but certainly Italy had some regular theatres in the fourteenth century. They had a long while before began to play the Passion on the Mount in the churches, and they even still perform it there: but in length of time, some happier genius effaced

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the rust with which this beautiful country had been covered during the inundations of so many barbarians.—Even in the days of Dante true comedies were represented: and it was on that account that he gave the name of comedy to his *Inferno*, his *Purgatorio*, and his *Paradiso*.—Riccoboni also tells us, that the *Floriana* was also performed at Florence.

The Spanish and French have always imitated the Italians. They began unfortunately to play in the open air the passions and mysteries of the Old and New Testament. These infamous conceits continued in Spain even to our days; and we have many proofs that they performed them out of doors with us in the fourteenth and fifteenth century. The following is to be found in the Chronicle of Metz, composed by the curate of St. Euchaïse:—"In the year 1437 the play of the Passion of our Saviour was acted on the plain of Venimel, and one Seigneur Nicholas Dom Neufchâtel, curate of St. Victor at Metz, was God, and he would have died upon the cross, if he had not been assisted, and another priest put in his place to complete the part of the crucifixion for that day. The next day the aforesaid curate of St. Victor performed the Resurrection, and played his character very well, and continued the sport quite till night; and another priest, called Master John de Nicey, who was chaplain of Metz, acted Judas, who was almost dead with hanging, for his heart failed him; and he was quickly cut down and carried away. And the mouth of hell was admirably represented by two great heaps of fuel, and it opened and shut when the devils wanted to come out or go in."

At the same time the strolling troop played the like farces in Pro-

vence; but these brethren of the Passion established themselves at Paris in a fixed place. It is well known that they purchased the hotel of the Dukes of Bourbon, and performed there many pious extravagancies. The English copied these gross and barbarous diversions. The darkness of ignorance covered all Europe: every one sought pleasure; but no reasonable one was to be found. It appears in an edition of Shakespeare, at the play of Richard III. that they acted miracles in the fields on stages of grass fifty feet in diameter. The devil appeared there shearing the bristles off his hoofs, and from thence comes the English proverb, "A great cry and little wool."

In the reign of Henry VII. a permanent theatre was established at London, which still subsists: it was much in vogue in the youth of Shakespeare, since in his Eulogium he is praised for having watched at the door the horses of the curious. He did not, therefore, invent the theatrical art, but cultivated it with great success. It is in your breasts, gentlemen, who know Polieucte and Athalie, to determine, if it was he who brought it to perfection.

JOURNAL DE PARIS.

Dear Sir, *Paris, March 15, 1777.*

I Hope you will not be displeased with the following anecdote: the emotion it caused me yesterday, when it was first made public here, throbs still at my heart. I must out with the pleasing tale, and make you partake of the pleasure I received from it.

As the Emperor was riding through the streets of Vienna, on the first instant, a young lad making his way through the croud, came up to the coach and exclaimed in

the plaintive accents of heart-felt grief: "Oh sire! see me here, for the first time, a beggar! what I would never think of doing for myself, duty and filial concern bid me undertake. My mother, alas! is reduced by sickness, to the utmost misery; her life ebbs apace; I want but one florin to procure her the advice of a physician: would but your Imperial Majesty give me that one florin, we might still be happy!"--- The Emperor asked some questions concerning the situation and place of abode of the sick woman, gave the florin, and, whilst the lad was flying on the wings of impatience to a doctor, the Emperor, by a shorter way, drove to the place where the woman lived: he alighted at the corner of the street, and wrapping himself in the cloak of one of his attendants went to the woman, enquired into her situation, the symptoms of her disorder, and asking for pen and ink, said he would write a prescription for her; this done, he retired. His Majesty hardly reached his coach again ere the youth arrived, leading in a physician; the mother thanked her boy, but told him that a doctor had just been in and wrote a prescription for her: the physician seeing the slip of paper on the table, took it up.--- It was a prescription indeed! such, Mr. Printer, as would out-do the Doctor's pill; it contained an order for fifty ducats upon the Comptroller of his Majesty's household.--- This is being truly a sovereign! it is the way to reign (as every monarch should) over the hearts of his grateful subjects. Flattery, thou cursed bane of courts, *avant!* and ne'er approach this generous prince, lest thy poisonous breath should blast so promising a blossom.

COMEDIE ITALIENNE.

The company at this theatre have given a few days ago the first repre-

sentation of the *Dead Man Married* (Mort Marie,) a comedy in two acts, with songs.

The title may puzzle you, as it did me, when the play was first given out; but read on, and you will see that there is not the least appearance of conjuration throughout the whole plot.

Two sisters are in love. The eldest is openly so, and on the brink of the matrimonial precipice. Her bridegroom is a limb of the law, and principal magistrate or judge of the city he lives in. The younger Miss, "last, though not least," on Cupid's list, has given her heart to a young officer, but dares not avow her love. Nevertheless a circumstance happens, which obliges her to disclose the mighty secret to her sister, and this is it. The young hero hears of the intended marriage, deceived by the name, he thinks his enamorate fickle and faithless; he bundles up all her *billets doux*, sends them to her with a message full of contempt for her, and of threats against his rival. As fortune (or the writer of the play) will have it, the packet falls into the hands of the lawyer. He storms at his intended bride; but she soon appeases the angry Minos, by imparting to him her sister's love for the officer. Upon this Mr. Six-and-eight-pence resolves upon turning this adventure into a frolic. He goes out, meets the officer; the latter is very provoking, the lawyer lets him into his own garden, goes up stairs, where he had prepared a case of pistols, loaded with nothing but powder, comes down again to his antagonist, gives him the choice of pistols, and, tendering him the key of the garden, here, sir, says he, the consequence of a duel is dubious, if I fall, this key will convey you out with safety; the officer retires a few paces, fires, and down comes

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the lawyer. Mars thinking that he had killed him, the Old Vulcan scampers away with all the nimbleness of a battalion of Yankees before an handful of our men; but measures had been taken previously for his being apprehended. He is so, and is supposed to appear a few days after to take his trial. He enters the court, and wonders at the resemblance his judge bears to the man who fell a few days before by his shot. Make yourself easy, my dear Mr. Printer, this is but a mock trial. The officer's mistress, her sister, and a few more ladies of their acquaintance, stand as assistants to the judge; nevertheless the culprit is sentenced to give blood for blood. A copy of the sentence is delivered into his hands for him to read. All is well. Instead of a verdict of death, he sees nothing but marriage articles, signed by the respective friends, between him and the lady whom he loves. This, to some folks, might appear a very slippery alternative; but our hero, glad to live, expresses his joy by an excellent song, to which the whole bench join in a chorus. All mistakes are rectified, the curtain drops, and the audience retire, with no great desire of calling in again.---Why so? I shall tell you why. The words are indifferent, and the whole of the performance is lengthened, even beyond the reach of the plot. As for the actors, they did all the justice they could to the play, especially your old acquaintances, Madame Vriel and M^r. Julien.

The words are by Mr. Sedaine, and the music, which is altogether worse than those very bad words, is composed by a Mr. Bianchi.

CASUALTY.

A murder has lately been discovered, by circumstances altogether very extraordinary. A gentleman

was obliged to enter into a law-suit with his children. He made it up with the younger, his favourite. The eldest disappeared in the month of August last, and never was heard of since. About a fortnight ago, a neighbour of the gentleman, having some men at work in an adjoining garden, discovered, whilst they were digging in that place, a kind of vault. He entered it, and there found a corpse, perfectly answering the description given of the gentleman's eldest son. This led to some enquiries: circumstantial evidence corroborated the suspicions, & the younger son is now in custody, as perpetrator of that horrid deed.

Adieu. P. M.

The Method for preserving the HEALTH of the Crew of his Majesty's Ship RESOLUTION, during her Voyage round the World. By Captain JAMES COOK, F. R. S. Addressed to Sir JOHN PRINGLE, Bart. P. R. S.

[From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. LXVI. Part 2d. just published.]

AS many gentlemen have expressed some surprise at the uncommon good state of health which the crew of the Resolution, under my command, experienced during her late voyage, I take the liberty to communicate to you the methods that were taken to obtain that end. Much was owing to the extraordinary attention given by the Admiralty, in causing such articles to be put on board, as either by experience or conjecture were judged to tend most to preserve the health of seamen. I shall not trespass upon your time in mentioning all those articles, but confine myself to such as were found the most useful.

We had on board a large quantity of malt, of which was made sweet-

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wort, and given (not only to those men who had manifest symptoms of the scurvy; but to such also as were, from circumstances, judged to be most liable to that disorder) from one to two or three pints in the day to each man, or in such proportion as the surgeon thought necessary; which sometimes amounted to three quarts in twenty-four hours.

This is, without doubt, one of the best antiscorbutic sea-medicines yet found out; and, if given in time, will, with proper attention to other things, I am persuaded, prevent the scurvy from making any great progress for a considerable time: but I am not altogether of opinion, that it will cure it in an advanced state at sea.

Sour krout, of which we had also a large provision, is not only a wholesome vegetable food, but, in my judgment, highly antiscorbutic, and spoils not by keeping. A pound of it was served to each man, when at sea, twice a-week, or oftner, when it was thought necessary.

Portable soup, or broth, was another essential article, of which we had likewise a liberal supply. An ounce of this to each man, or such other proportion as was thought necessary, was boiled with their pease three days in a week; and, when we were in places where fresh vegetables could be procured, it was boiled with them, and with wheat or oatmeal, every morning for breakfast, and also with dried pease and fresh vegetables for dinner. It enabled us to make several nourishing and wholesome messes, and was the means of making the people eat a greater quantity of greens than they would have done otherwise.

Further, we were provided with rob of lemons and oranges, which the surgeon found useful in several cases.

On this principle, many years experience, together with some hints

I had from Sir Hugh Palliser, the Captains Campbell, Wallis, and other intelligent officers, enabled me to lay down a plan whereby all was to be conducted. Proper methods were employed to keep their persons, hammocks, bedding, clothes, &c. constantly clean and dry. Equal pains were taken to keep the ship clean and dry between decks. Once or twice a week she was aired with fires; and, when this could not be done, she was smoaked with gunpowder, moistened with vinegar and water. I had also, frequently a fire made in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, which greatly purified the air in the lower parts of the ship. To this and cleanliness, as well in the ship as amongst the people, too great attention cannot be paid, the least neglect occasions a putrid, offensive smell below, which nothing but fires will remove; and, if these be not used in time, those smells will be attended with bad consequences. Proper care was taken of the ship's coppers, so that they were kept constantly clean. The fat which boiled out of the salt beef and pork, I never suffered to be given to the people, as is customary; being of opinion that it promotes the scurvy. I am convinced, that, with plenty of fresh water, and a close attention to cleanliness, a ship's company will seldom be much afflicted with the scurvy, though they should not be provided with any of the antiscorbutics before mentioned.

These sir, were the methods, under the care of providence, by which the Resolution performed a voyage of three years and eighteen days, through all the climates from 52 deg. N. to 71 deg. S. with the loss of one man only by disease, and who died of a complicated and lingering illness, without any mixture of scurvy.

The SPEECH of Mr. WILKES in the HOUSE of COMMONS last Wednesday, on the Motion of Lord NORTH to refer to the Consideration of the Committee of Supply his Majesty's Message respecting the Civil List.

MR. SPEAKER,

THERE is not a gentleman in this House, or in the kingdom, more anxious than I am to see the splendor and dignity of the crown of England maintained in it's truest lustre, although for above a course of fifteen years I have received from the crown only a succession of injuries, and never in any moment of my life the slightest favour. I had the honour, sir, of a seat in this House, when the affair of the civil list was first agitated in parliament, in the beginning of his present Majesty's reign, when every good subject hoped to have more than the idea of a Patriot King. I then heartily acquiesced in the proposed grant. The acceptance of an annuity of 800,000*l.* and the giving up to the public the ancient hereditary revenues of the crown, originated from the throne, and was proposed to this House in the usual mode by Mr. Legge, then chancellor of the exchequer. Parliament adopted the proposition, and it was accepted with gratitude by the King. The Ministers of that time declared to this house the King's entire satisfaction, and that his Majesty should be happy to be delivered from the disagreeable necessity of ever applying to parliament, like his predecessors to make good the deficiencies of the civil list. It was admitted that the allowance was competent, ample, most fully adequate to the wants, and even to the splendor of the crown. Parliament granted all the Sovereign asked; and made the grant in the very mode proposed by the Minister. The civil

list act expressly declares in the preamble, that 800,000*l.* was "a certain and competent revenue for defraying the expences of his Majesty's civil government, and supporting the dignity of the crown of Great Britain." The nation thought themselves assured of not paying more than 800,000*l.* per annum to the civil list, and gave that sum cheerfully for the *trappings of loyalty*. In the speech at the close of that session our gracious young monarch told us from the throne, that he could not sufficiently thank us, and that he thought himself much obliged to us for what more immediately concerned himself. By this bargain, sir, with the public it was generally understood, and indeed admitted at that time, that his Majesty would be a gainer of near 7000*l.* per annum. The noble Lord with the blue ribband has unfairly drawn his calculations from only the last eight years of the late King's reign. He ought to have taken the whole of that reign together. In some years the civil list was very deficient; in others it greatly exceeded the sum of 800,000*l.* As this is peculiarly a day of dry calculation, I will observe that from the accounts delivered into parliament, it appeared that in the 33 years of George the Second's reign, from Midsummer 1727 to Midsummer 1760, the civil list produced only 26,182,931*l.* whereas 800,000*l.* for 33 years amounts to 26,400,000*l.* so that there is a deficiency of 217,068*l.* The gain therefore on a nett revenue of 800,000*l.* is on an average above 6,761*l.* a year. The sum of 800,000*l.* was at that time thought abundantly sufficient to support the splendor of the crown, and the Majesty of this great people. His Majesty has received besides 172,605*l.* the arrears of the late King's civil list, 100,000*l.* on account of Somerset House, and an additional grant of 513,511*l.* in the year 1769 to discharge all incumbrances.

brances. The death of the Princess Dowager of Wales was a saving of 60,000l. a year, and of the Duke of York 12,000l. a year. Yet, sir, we are now told of another debt of 618,340l. and called upon to pay that likewise, notwithstanding the former bargain with the public. The very proposal implies another violation of public faith. Sir, I will venture to say, if we are indeed just trustees for the people, if we conscientiously reflect that their wealth is intrusted to our care, that we are the guardians of the public purse, we ought to stop this *growing evil*, and to reprobate the idea of suffering their money to be thus squandered, as well as the country drained by a variety of taxes to supply a profusion, which arises from a violation of a solemn compact with the nation, and renders the limitation of the expences of the crown by parliament the most vague and absurd of all propositions. The power of controul of the expences of the crown is the very being and life of parliament. Are the accounts on our table proofs of our boasted *economy*? and is meanness thus nearly allied to prodigality?

There is at present, sir, a peculiar cruelty in thus endeavouring to fleece the people, when we are involved in a most expensive, as well as unnatural, and ruinous, civil war, and burdened with an enormous load of national debt, the interest of which even we are scarcely able to stand under. Is there no feeling for the sufferings of this impoverished country? Are the people really nothing in the scale of government? The principal of the national debt is stated to us at Midsummer 1775, to amount to the astonishing sum of 135,943,051l. and the interest to 4,440,821l. Is this the time, sir, that a Minister can with an unembarrassed countenance come to parliament to lay additional loads on an exhausted

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nation, and to ask more of the people's money? When the greatest sources of our commerce and wealth are destroyed by his folly and wickedness, when we have already spent in this unjust war above nineteen millions, when above half our empire is lost, and those American friends, who have assisted us so frequently and so powerfully, are forced by our injustice to become determined enemies, and for their own safety to endeavour our humiliation? Are we at such a moment as this to talk of the greatness of the crown, shorn of half it's beams, when we have lost more than we have retained of this divided empire, when new taxes, and additional burdens on the people, are the sole objects of government? Is the civil list to encrease in proportion to the loss of all those resources of trade and riches, by which it is fed and flourished? Is the nature of the civil list in the body politic analogous to what Lord Bacon says of the *Spleen*, that it increases in proportion to the waste, decay, and rapid consumption of the other parts of the human body?

Sir, we ought to look back to what former Princes and parliaments have done. I will take the consideration only from the glorious Era of the revolution, and I will state it fairly and fully. The civil list was not granted to King William for life till the year 1698, when 700,000l. a year was settled on him. The distractions of his government, and of all Europe at that period, are well known. His most generous views for the public were thwarted at home during the greater part of his reign by the *tories*, as the friends of liberty are now harassed by them in America, according to the spirited letters of General Washington to the Congress. Queen Anne had the same revenue settled upon her. She gave yearly 100,000l. towards carrying on the war,

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against France, besides 200,000*l.* at least towards the building of Blenheim-house, and above 100,000*l.* for the support of the poor Palatines. We have a resolution of this House, sir, on a report from a Committee which states this very fully. It is on the journals of May 13, 1715, and in the following words, "Resolved, the sum of 700,000*l.* per annum was settled upon his late Majesty King William during his life, for the support of his Majesty's household, and other his necessary occasions; and, at the time of his Majesty's demise, after the reduction of 3,700*l.* a week, that was applied to the public uses, was the produce of the civil list revenues, that were continued and settled upon her late Majesty Queen Anne, during her life." The deduction for public services of 3,700*l.* a week, or 192,400*l.* a year, from that part of the civil list revenue called the hereditary and temporary excise was first made in the last year of King William. Notwithstanding this deduction the civil list funds produced in that very year 709,420*l.* In the first of Queen Anne the same funds with the same deductions were settled on her for her life, and declared to be for raising 700,000*l.* a year for the support of her household, and the dignity of her government. In the 9th of her reign the old post office act was repealed, and a new general post-office with higher rates was established, in consideration of which another deduction was made from the civil list revenue of 700*l.* a week, or 36,400*l.* a year. Both these deductions have ever since been continued.

George I. had the same revenue settled upon him as Queen Anne, but if 300,000*l.* paid him by the Royal Exchange and London Assurance Companies, and a million granted in 1726 towards paying his debts, are included, his income will appear to have been nearly 800,000*l.*

per annum. In the first speech to his parliament he took notice, "that it was his happiness to see a Prince of Wales, who may, in due time, succeed to the throne, and to see him blessed with many children." Yet the establishment of the civil list at the beginning of that reign was only settled at 700,000*l.* a year. It was not till after the great expences consequent on the rebellion of the Earl of Mar, and the other perjured Scots, who, although they had taken the oaths to his government, traitorously waged open and impious war against a mild and just Sovereign, that the parliament paid that King's debts. In the reign of George I. the Prince of Wales had an establishment of 100,000*l.* per annum.

George II. had a very numerous family, and 800,000*l.* was at first settled upon him with whatever surplus might arise from the duties and allowances composing the civil list revenues. In 1736 that part of the hereditary and temporary excise, which consisted of duties on spirituous liquors, was taken from the civil list, in consideration of which 70,000*l.* was transferred to it from the aggregate fund. The income of George II. including 115,000*l.* granted in 1729, and 456,733*l.* in 1747, towards making good the deficiencies, which had arisen in the civil list duties, was 810,749*l.* per annum for 33 years. His late Majesty likewise had in his reign a Scottish rebellion, carried on by many of the same traitors, who had been pardoned by his father. The expence of that rebellion to the King and kingdom was enormous, for it was not confined to the extremities of the island, but raged in the heart of the kingdom, and the rebels advanced to within a hundred miles of the capital. Such an event, sir, not unforeseen, because foretold, was a just ground for the parliament's discharging a debt contracted

tracted by the securing to us every thing dear to men and Englishmen.

The establishment of the present King, at the yearly rent charge to the nation of 800,000*l.* was a measure at the time equally pleasing both to the prince and people. The minister boasted that there was not a possibility of any future dispute about the hereditary revenues, or concerning accounts suspected to be false, wilfully erroneous, or deceitful, kept back, or anticipated, to serve a particular purpose. I am aware, sir, that the civil list revenues have been increasing for many years. The mean annual produce for the last five years of George II. was 829,150*l.* and for the first six years of his present Majesty it would have been, had the establishment in the late reign continued 894,000*l.* In 1775 it would have been 1,019,450*l.* Near 90,000*l.* per annum of this great increase has been produced by an increase in the post office revenue, occasioned chiefly by the late alteration in the manner of franking, and by the falling of the cross posts to the public by the death of Mr. Allen; but these profits would probably, at least certainly ought to have been reserved to the public, had the establishment in the late reign been continued. At the foot of one of the accounts on our table it is stated, "the amount of 800,000*l.* granted to his Majesty from the 25th of October 1760, to the 5th of Jan. 1777, is 12,965,517*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* $\frac{1}{4}$. The produce as above exceeds the annuity by 2,381,241*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* $\frac{1}{4}$. But parliament granted to pay off the civil list debt, on the 5th of Jan. 1769, out of the supplies for the year 1769, 513,511*l.* which being deducted shews the gain to the public to be 1,867,730*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* $\frac{1}{4}$." The bargain concluded for the public was of an annuity to the King of a clear 800,000*l.* subject to no deductions or contingencies, for his life, on a solemn promise of that being made to bear all the expenses of the

civil list, and the royal household. It was a fair compact of finance between the King and the subject, ratified by both parties. The most explicit assurances were given by the chancellor of the exchequer, in the King's name, that no more should be asked, and that now his Majesty could never be under the disagreeable necessity of importuning this House with messages of personal concern.

I have, sir, carefully examined the accounts laid before this House, by his Majesty's command, the eight folio books and the other papers, and I will venture to say they are as loose, unsatisfactory, perplexed and unintelligible as those delivered in by the noble Lord with the blue ribband in 1770, a year after the former demand to pay the debts on the civil list, and more loose, unsatisfactory, perplexed and unintelligible no accounts can be. Their defectiveness and fallacy is highly culpable. The coming to parliament with such a demand, but without any account whatever, was an insult to this House, and the laying before us such accounts as those on the table is a solemn mockery. Many gentlemen in the House declared the last week their opinion, that, after the strictest examination, they could make nothing of those former accounts. It was not intended they should. One particular only fixed my attention as an individual. Under the head of *secret and special service*, I find that between October 1762, and October 1763, a most memorable year, there was issued to Samuel Martin, Esq; 41,000*l.* We have indeed, sir, had a week allowed to go through these accounts, but I will venture to affirm that a year would not be sufficient to clear them from their studied perplexity, to give order and light to such a chaos. The most able accountants do not pretend to understand them. They would puzzle a Demovire.

Ægyptian darkness hangs over the whole. There is not one friendly ray of light to lead us through this labyrinth.

No account, sir, whatever is given parliament of the other considerable revenues of the crown, besides the annuity of 800,000*l.* I do not mean the income of the electorate of Hanover, or Bithoprick of Osnabrug, but what his Majesty enjoys as King of England. That is a fair consideration with us, when the House are providing for the support of the lustre of the crown, which, which I hear is at present a little tarnished. The extraordinary revenues of the crown are, the revenue of Ireland, the Duchy of Cornwall, the land revenue within the principality of Wales, the revenue of Gibraltar, American quit rents, now generally *lost, irredeemably lost*, the plantation duties of 4*l.* $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the Leeward Islands, fines, forfeitures, and many other particulars, which certainly carry the royal income to much above one million a year. We may form some guesses from the grants we find made. From the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall it appears that 17,000*l.* issued to Mr. Bradshaw in one year, and 11,000*l.* in another. From the 4*l.* $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1769, for his Majesty's special service, 14,724*l.* to Sir Grey Cooper. In 1771 John Robinson, Esq; received 10,000*l.* of the Virginia quit rents, the *last* payment I believe of that nature. Sir Grey Cooper in 1769 received 2144*l.* from the revenue of Gibraltar, and in 1765 13,804*l.* were issued thence for *special service*. Such copious streams must flow from rich and abundant fountains. The plantation duties of 4*l.* $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. produced in 1753 27,377*l.* Fines and forfeitures are a very considerable addition to the royal revenue. I was plundered in one year of 1000*l.* in two fines, one 500*l.* for a pretended libel, and

another of the same sum, because I had a laughable poem locked up in my bureau, which administration hired a rascal of a servant to steal, and then contrived to have published.

The business of this day, sir, is naturally branched out into two parts, which claim our attention. His Majesty's message points out both of them to us. The first is the out-standing debts, the second the increase of the establishment of the civil list.

Before we proceed, sir, to take into consideration the payment of the King's debts, we ought to know in what manner they have been contracted. The King has enjoyed the greatest unappropriated revenue of any Prince in Europe, and the expences of the whole royal family have never exceeded 160,000*l.* a year. A committee should be appointed for both the purposes mentioned, and papers very different from those before us, ought to be submitted to parliament. It is impossible for us now even to guess from these accounts in what way so enormous a debt as 618,340*l.* has been contracted, and that there should remain in cash in the exchequer on the 5th of January last, only 35,640*l.* The Queen has indeed 50,000*l.* a year regularly paid; but the expence of the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnabrug, is charged from 1769 to 1777, only 42,242*l.* Prince William Henry and Prince Edward, for the same period, 5017*l.* The King's message, sir, leads us to consider the state of the royal family. His Majesty has two brothers, universally beloved by the nation. I find no trace of any debts contracted by the crown on their account; no princely grants to either of the King's *own brothers*. As an Englishman, I regret the scantiness of their incomes. The Duke of Gloucester seems doomed to pass his life abroad; and it is, certainly

certainly neither from choice, nor from the ill state of his health. The Duke of Cumberland is happier, and lives in England. He possesses all virtues, and supports with dignity the rank, of a private, benevolent, amiable nobleman. His income is by no means adequate to the splendor of a Prince of the blood, of a Prince of the blood so near to the King as his Majesty's own brother. How then, sir, has this enormous debt been contracted? No outward magnificence has dazzled our eyes; no internal, domestic profusion has been imputed to the Lord Steward of the household, who almost alone has continued in office this whole reign. We have scarcely the appearance of a court, even in the capital. Former Kings, with very inferior revenues, were generous and splendid, their courts pompous and brilliant. His Majesty's residence at Windsor the last summer did not quite revive all the ideas of the magnificence, and even hospitality of the Plantagenets, nor sully the glories of our Henries and Edwards. No stately buildings, or proud palaces, no imperial works, and worthy Kings, have excited our wonder, or called foreigners from the continent to our island to admire our taste and magnificence. An honourable gentleman, sir, tells us of the King's houses. The former Kings of England, sir, lived in palaces, not in houses. His Majesty has not yet had a Scottish rebellion to quell. The royal revenues have not been expended against the Scots, but surrendered up to them, an idea little suspected by the people of England, when they gave at first with such a liberal, and even prodigal hand. How then, sir, has this debt been contracted? There are no outward and visible signs of grandeur and expence. I will tell the House what is said without doors, what the nation generally suspects, and therefore it becomes

our duty to investigate. The nation, sir, suspects that the majorities in parliament are bought by these very grants; that in one instance we attend to the evangelical precept, *give, and it shall be given unto you*, and that the crown has made purchase of this House with the money of the people. Hence the ready, tame, and servile compliance to every royal edict issued by the Minister. Inward corruption is the canker, which gnaws the vitals of parliament. It is almost universally believed, sir, that the debt has been contracted in corrupting the representatives of the people, and that this public plunder has been divided among the majority of this House, which is allowed to be the most corrupt assembly in Europe, while the honest and fair creditors of the crown have been reduced to the greatest distress. Compassion for them is only made the pretext of the present message. This, sir, is a fit object of parliamentary enquiry.

The alarm has spread through the country. The charge is taken up by almost every independent man in the kingdom. It is asked, did the last parliamentary grant of 513,511*l.* so lately as 1769, to pay the King's debts, give satisfaction to the honest tradesmen and inferior dependents of the crown, or was it diverted another way? The majority of this House, sir, ought not to lie under this suspicion, nor will they, if they are innocent. They ought likewise to vindicate the honour of our Sovereign from the foul suspicions, which are gone abroad. A heavier accusation can scarcely be brought. Mr. Locke, sir, in the chapter *On the Dissolution of Government*, says, "he [the supreme executor] acts contrary to his trust, when he either employs the force, treasure, and offices of the society, to corrupt the representatives, and gain to his purposes, or openly pre-engages the electors, and prescribes to their choice,

choice, such, whom he has by solicitations, threats, promises, or otherwise won to his designs; and employs them to bring in such, who have promised before-hand what to vote, and what to enact." What, sir, was the case of *Hine's Patent Place* in the collection of the customs at Exeter, publicly sold, and the money given, not to a needy public, but to General Burgoyne, to reimburse him the expences of the *Preston* election, and the subsequent prosecution and fine of 1000*l.* by a court of law, for the outrages committed in Lancashire against the sacred rights of election? *That* instance alone merited an impeachment from parliament against the profligate minister of that day.

If there is, sir, a spark of virtue left among us, we cannot fit down contented with such loose general accounts, that *secret and special service, the privy purse, treasurer of the chamber, the coffers of the household, royal bounties, pensions and annuities*, should swallow up almost the whole civil list. There is a general charge of *pensions* to the amount of above 438,000*l.* The *pension list* is the great grievance. From 1769 to 1777, there is a single line of 171,000*l.* *Secret and special service* issued to Sir Grey Cooper. In the same period, under the same article, 114,000*l.* to John Robinson, Esq; exclusive of enormous sums on the same heads to the Secretaries of State, and the Secretary of the Post Office, generally in one short, single line. When we know, sir, what prosecutions have been carried on, an article of 60,000*l.* in one year, as *law charges*, ought to alarm us no less for the liberty of the press than the private property of individuals by unfounded claims of the crown. Under the head of *Contingencies of divers Natures*, we are lost and bewildered in a rambling account, of which it is impossible to guess the least particular. We

find *Messieurs Anyand and Siebel* receive 38,692*l.* to pay bills of Exchange; and in another line, *Thomas Pratt, Esq;* 8,139*l.* to pay another bill of Exchange. For what purpose? Such accounts, sir, are only calculated for such a servile parliament. *Pensions, annuities, and royal bounties*, shall with much caution be touched by me, even in this House. One word only of *literary patronage*, as it seems to be a favourite subject. We are, sir, hourly told, that genius and learning are now fostered by the propitious beams of royal favour, and the polite arts encouraged and patronized. I shall just mention a specimen of the choice made of *literary pensioners*, with a slight animadversion on the apparent absurdity of four *literary* pensions. The two famous Doctors, *Shebbeare* and *Johnson*, are *pensioners*. The piety of our Sovereign to the memory of his grandfather, as well as gratitude to that of our glorious deliverer, should surely, sir, have prevented the names of these two Doctors from disgracing a civil list, which both of them had repeatedly and publicly declared the King's family had no right to, but they considered as a flagrant usurpation. These two Doctors have in their writings treated the late King, and King William, with the utmost virulence and scurrility, and they are the known *pensioned* advocates of despotism. The two other instances are ridiculous enough. *David Hunt* was pensioned in this *pious* reign for attacking the Christian religion, and Dr. *Blattie* for answering him. In this manner is the public treasure lavished; but these, I own, are mean objects, and of trifling concern. The great mass of the debt remains unaccounted for, and is suspected to be contracted for the most criminal purposes. It is necessary to satisfy the people that the enquiry should be made, and therefore I hope the

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House will instruct the Committee to that purpose.

Let me now, sir, suppose, that parliament acquiesces with the present claim, what cheerful ray of future hope have we to comfort us that future demands will not succeed? Will this be the last court job, even of the present Minister? No assurances whatever are given, not a hint of economy, or frugal management, or the least care of the public treasure in future. Surely such a mode of proceeding is highly unbecoming, indecent, and contemptuous. May I, sir, pass the invidious freight of Calais, and consider the state of the neighbouring monarchy with respect to the King's household and debts? By two new edicts for the regulation of the King's household expences, of pensions, and royal bounties, all arrears are to be discharged within six years, and a fixed resolution is declared *pour concilier avec une sage économie les dépenses que l'éclat de sa couronne peut exiger*. From the first of last January all future expences whatever respecting the household are to be paid in the course of the current year. The very first article is, "l'année revolue de toutes les dépenses de la maison du Roi, tant par entreprises que par fournitures, sera à l'avenir payée comptant au Trésor Royal, dans le courant de l'année suivante, à raison d'un douzième par mois." Would to God, sir, such a spirit of justice and reformation crossed the channel to this capital! We alas! have not a gleam of hope of any reformation. The French King, sir, has likewise two brothers, Monsieur, and the Comte d'Artois. They have found in their Sovereign an affectionate and generous brother, not a gloomy tyrant, like ——— Louis the XIth. They are an united and happy family. What the King has given them in important grants, and *en garnage*, as it is called, enables

them to support with eclat their high rank. The new regulations of the French King's household expences and debts are founded in justice, and are no extraordinary burden on the people. The first Prince of the Hanover line observed the same conduct, for the message of Geo. I. to this house of July 11, 1721, is that, "being resolved to cause a retrenchment to be made of his civil list expences for the future, and finding that such a retrenchment cannot well be effected, without discharging the present arrears, his Majesty has ordered the accounts to be laid before the House, and hopes he may be empowered to raise ready money for that purpose, on the civil list revenues; which, to avoid the laying any new burden on his people, his Majesty proposes shall be replaced to the civil list, and reimbursed, by a deduction to be made out of the salaries and wages of all offices, and the pensions, and other payments, from the crown." The prostitute Parliament of 1769 gave the money out of the current expences of the year, without a line of any account.

When we are repeatedly told, Sir, of the present splendor of the British diadem, of the extent of our empire, and the greatness of the sovereign, I own the diminished rays of the crown occur to my painful imagination. It brings to my recollection what was said of Philip the fourth of Spain, when Louis XIV. was taking all the towns, one after another, in the Netherland, "*Sa grandeur est comme celle des fossés, a proportion des terres, qu'on leur ôte.*"

The noble Lord near me, [Lord John Cavendish] has said, that he wished a strict review of the whole establishment of the crown as to the civil list. I perfectly approve the idea. Almost the whole requires a new regulation. I think the Judges in particular ought not to be paid

paid out of the civil list, but by the public. They cannot be now displaced; but they may be starved by the crown. The spirit of their independence ought to extend as well to their salaries, as to their commissions. I observe, Sir, in the civil list accounts on the table, an article, "Lord and Sir William Howe, commissioners for restoring peace in America, 100l. per week each, arrears 1742 l." The noble Lord with the blue ribbon has just called them ambassadors. Have we then already acknowledged the United Colonies of America as a sovereign state, like the United Provinces of Holland? If we have not, the event must happen. The peaceful mode adopted by the two brothers, according to my calculation, will not soon restore peace in America, but it will possibly be the period of the Trojan war, ten years at least, so that we may compliment the Howe family with above 100,000l. free gift, at the rate of 100l. per week each brother, besides settled pay as officers. But, Sir, what connection has such an article as this with the civil list, with his Majesty's household?

Let us not now, Sir, rashly proceed in the iniquitous method of deciding on these two important questions, the expenditure, and the increase of the civil list, without hearing the evidence, or hearing it only in part. We have not sufficient data to proceed. By such injustice we lost America. We proscribed the inhabitants of Boston without hearing them, and in the same manner adopted coercive and sanguinary measures against the other colonies. Let us not now advance a single step but with caution, with fear, and trembling. We are asked to furnish the ministers with weapons, which may be employed

to our own destruction, against the liberties of our country. An increased undue influence must necessarily be created, and the overgrown power of the crown enlarged. They only want what are called the sinews of war. The doctrine is now avowed of the legality of introducing foreign troops into the British dominions. The minister has the power of the purse, and therefore of the sword. How many nations have totally lost their liberties by internal corruption, and by mercenary armies? There is an affected false alarm about faction and civil discord, but it is well known that civil dissensions have often been even favourable to freedom. Montesquieu observes of England, *On voit la Liberté sortir sans cesse des feux de la Discorde de la Sédition, le Prince toujours chancelant sur son trône inébranlable.*

I desire, Sir, to submit to the noble Lord near me [Lord John Cavendish] whether, in point of form and precedent, instead of discharging the order for referring the King's message to the committee of supply, which his Lordship has moved, it would not be more proper to instruct the committee on the two important points of the message, the paying his Majesty's debts, and the addition to the standing revenue of the crown. If his Lordship and the House adopt that mode, I shall then move, "that it be an instruction to the said committee, that, before they proceed to consider of his Majesty's most gracious message, they do consider of the causes of the debts due on account of the civil list, and likewise what further provision may be necessary to support the splendor and dignity of the crown of Great Britain."

From an ENGLISHMAN'S FORT-NIGHT in PARIS.

SOME extracts from this performance have already been laid before the reader, the following account is given by the Author of the manner in which he spent part of his eighth day :

"Early in the morning, Bouillac came to rout me, and at ten o'clock we set out. It is with a great deal of pleasure, my Lord, said he, that I see a young Englishman of your rank, employed as you are, in making men and the arts the subject of your studies. I shall think myself particularly happy in being your conductor through this capital. The pride and opulence of some individuals, has procured them a number of master-pieces, and we must get admittance into their cabinets. Happily, I am acquainted with some of them, but let us lose no time, for we must go to a number of places. This day shall be dedicated to painting, and we will defer sculpture till another morning.

In three hours time we had run over a great deal, and were got to the royal academy of painting. Bouillac made me observe the decay of the art, by the stile and manner of the living artists. There is but one man at present, added he, who has preserved the least spark of that genius which animated some of his predecessors. That serpent, en he intended it to appear among vy, has decried one of his pieces, the works of candidates which you see here; but the vanity of this excellent painter being provoked, he instantly renounced the association of rivals, who he judged to be incapable and unworthy of setting a just value upon his merits.

To very great talents, he has the misfortune to add some of those original defects which too often ac-

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company great abilities; but the superiority of his pencil has charmed my eyes, and I cannot withhold my esteem from the open candour of his heart; therefore, I pay not great attention to the errors caused by his pride. Let the jealousy of his competitors endeavour to take advantage of the personal foibles of the artist, while it shrinks before his works.

Every species of painting is exhausted. There are very few subjects either in fable or history, which have not been frequently handled by the most eminent masters. It is the same in landscape. Greuse desires to introduce a new kind, and no one before him having attempted to give pure lessons of morality upon canvas, he has conceived the design of extracting subjects for pictures from a new source. Thus he is become the first dramatic painter; the first who has painted real life, and given a representation of virtue and vice from what is practised daily before our eyes.

Bouillac led me to the house of the artist, whose praises he had been sounding. We found him engaged in his painting room. The first piece which he shewed me was equally excellent in design, expression, and colouring, and the subject was truly a most affecting scene. Beauty and virtue were expressed in the countenance of a female figure, whose rank was declared by the costume, giving a first lesson of humanity and benevolence to a young child, who appeared of such a rank in life, as to have its sensibility in danger of being corrupted by pride and opulence. The scene was in a dark mean garret, where a respectable old man was seen lying on a truckle bed; he seemed to meet poverty and indigence with a calm and serene countenance, and exhausted by the evils which are the

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consequence of living in want, he received without blushing, and with a simple expression of noble gratitude, the gifts of pure and unaffected charity. At his side lay his aged suffering wife, in whose face and expressive attitude were seen the emotions of gratitude more lively, but less the effect of reflection. A son clothed in rags, but too young to be capable of comforting the aged parents, was leaning languidly on the bolster of the bed, where these two people presented a picture of the most oppressed and unmerited misery. Opposite to this groupe stood the charitable lady who came to teach her child to comfort the afflicted. Her figure was noble, her air soft and affecting. The child accustomed to opulence, seemed to start back with horror from the hideous attire of poverty, which had been presented to her view for the first time. The good mother combating her reluctance, seems to say to her, "my dear child, what has this old man done that he was not born in the bosom of opulence as well as we? Nature hath made him our equal, but virtue has placed him above us." On the back ground is seen one of the Sister Hospitals, whose cold indifferent manner, an effect which the constant view of calamity frequently gives to people whose situation excludes them from society, exhibited a fine contrast to that warmth of expression which glowed over the rest of the piece.

To such just and happy ideas; to the most striking expression of a composition finely conceived, the painter had united all the magical skill of his art. Bouillac poured forth the most flattering encomiums. His ardent imagination kindled that of the painter, and possessed by all the enthusiasm of his genius. Yes, gentlemen, cried he, I desire to dedi-

cate my colours and my pencil to the improvement of mankind. I believe this kind of painting far superior to that which traces anew some successful crime of ancient ages, which were as vicious as our own, and which is only made respectable by the name of some illustrious profligate. I work upon a subject which is indeed but too common. I wish to present to unfortunate females, among whom mutual example does not prevent errors, the fatal catastrophe which awaits them all at the expiration of a few short illusions. Observe my Lord, said he, in carrying me to his easel that had a picture upon it, which he uncovered, this artful and shameless old woman endeavouring to corrupt a young simple timid, innocent girl, by enticing her with the offer of gold and diamonds. This horrible Megara, gives strength to passions easily led astray, in order to breathe the poison of debauchery and vanity into an unsuspecting innocent soul. See seduction applauding the success of her artifice. I despaired a great while of being able to express all the characters which should be assembled in the face of his worthless emissary; meanness, avarice, hypocritical goodness, and unbridled impudence, ought all to appear there. I could not have succeeded if I had not found a model. This head is from nature,---the more the painter entered into a detail of his composition, the more my eyes were employed in endeavouring to catch the expression which he wished me to find in the persons represented. How great was my surprize when I recollected the features of Mamma *** in that of the old procuress.--I blushed,---the artist observed it, but he was mistaken in the cause. You are disgusted, my lord, said he, it is the most flattering effect possible for me, and

and it was what I proposed in drawing the hideous heart of that creature in her countenance. Behold, continued he, the trembling victim of her seductions; the desire of possessing all those objects of luxury, so alluring to youth, is painted in her eyes; at present she hesitates, she trembles; the snare which is laid for her vanity makes her modesty startle; she hearkens, and of course is about to take the first step to infamy. In the second picture, see the consequences which at first were so flattering upon her entry in the vicious career. It represents the young woman despoiled of that engaging innocence, which made her appear so beautiful in the first; she is surrounded by opulent ostentation, and indolently stretched at full length upon silk and down, forgets that labour and industry by which she should have lived in honourable mediocrity, and which would one day have brought her to be the wife of some worthy citizen, honest and diligent as herself. Amidst all these artificial enjoyments she destroys the most valuable of all riches, moderated desires. An Angola tears in pieces the valuable ornaments which the prodigality of her admirers hasten to replace;---she smilet at a Sapajou throwing that gold out of the window which love had lavishly bestowed. A double emblem of that shameful predilection which an ungrateful courtesan frequently grants to an obscure worm, and in such a manner as verifies the proverb---*lightly come, lightly go*. If the resemblance of the old D*** occasioned some emotion, the allegory of Sapajou redoubled it, by recalling to my mind the hateful Mr. Rag, certainly some impression was visible in my countenance. My Lord, said Bouillac, by the pathetic discourses which Mr. Gruefe displays so well

upon canvas, he could certainly make a convert of you, if there was occasion. He must be much flattered by the generous indignation which you express in every feature. This observation of Bouillac's, disconcerted me, and penetrated to my inmost soul, but happily the painter, at that instant, led us on to two other pictures.

One of them presented the courtesan in the third stage of her career. She was no longer shining in gold, nor surrounded with seducing luxuries. All her magnificent stateliness was fled with her frail attractions. The first wrinkle which came to blast the flower of youth upon her forehead, had given the signal for an ungrateful retreat to her perfidious and inconstant admirers; she was even deserted by the Angola and Sapajou. The humble beauty, in a decent retreat, offers cheap favours, in submissive language, to a surly old fellow, who seems to despise her remains of beauty.

In the fourth piece, the unhappy wretch is seen expiring amidst cold and want, shame and sorrow. The pale glimmerings of a lamp shed a melancholy light upon this last scene of her sufferings. Bitter and fruitless repentance was expressed in her dying eyes, and her whole being seemed to sink under a load of wretchedness: an untimely old age, brought on by excess, is about to be finished by a languishing and painful death. The painter entered into all these details with the same warmth as he had done before, and Bouillac gave a moral to every apologue. I found myself in a very uneasy situation. After having given such proofs of satisfaction to the artist, as my state of mind permitted, we set out. My companion seemed to divine every impression that was made upon my heart; however, he

did not once mention any thing like, it, but continued to introduce into our conversation such subjects as were best suited to affect my mind, to reclaim or confirm my youth in the paths of true honour.

Although he mentioned nothing in direct terms, and even avoided every shadow of application, I was exceedingly vexed, and looked upon him as a bitter and unseasonable reformer; but I took care to conceal my thoughts. Undoubtedly, this was owing to those prejudices against his character, with which the Doctor had been at pains to inspire me, and convinced, as I was, that his practice was very opposite to his doctrine, it made less impression upon me than it otherwise would have done. At last he changed the tone of his discourse, and becoming gay and amusing, I found his conversation more tolerable."

EXTRACT from TRAVELS through ITALY, in the Years 1771, and 1772. In a Series of Letters to BARON BORN, on the Natural History of that country. By JOHN JAMES FERBER, Professor of Natural History at Mitau in Courland, and Member of several Literary Societies. Translated from the German by R. E. RASPE.

Mr. RASPE the translator of this work, says, in his preface, that no traveller has hitherto examined Italy in a general mineralogical view; and that the object of these letters, on this account, is entirely new.

Mr. Ferber gives the following account of Rome.

Rome, Dec. 26, 1771.

I Cannot speak but with rapture of this old noble city, where I arrived a fortnight ago. In that

short time I have seen so many majestic beauties of the fine arts, that my memory can scarce hold them. That infinite number of churches, decorated with a profusion of the finest taste; and of palaces, whose noble simplicity, forces even the ignorant to sensibility; that innumerable host of life-breathing statues and pictures; the many villas and gardens, which each separately would be considered in every other residence as royal ornaments; and the great many cascades and jet d'eaux, which are so many rivers falling from or rising to the skies, must needs ravish and charm every stranger. I am still so much under the charm, that I would give myself the pleasure of telling you whatever I have seen here; but I know that all these excellent works have been described in many books, that by them they are known to you, and that my descriptions would not afford you the least part of the delight which they will force upon you, if seen by yourself. Therefore I will be true to natural history, and go on, under the conduct of this generally neglected or unnoticed guide, to admire Roman art. If art be nature's daughter, both will, I hope, very well agree together. I have already observed several sorts of antique granite, basalt, porphyry, and marbles, in the treasures of the capitol, the villa Albani, the villas, and the churches. I have visited some of the marble and stone-cutters; and, though they are Jews in their trade, I have bought many fine samples. But I spare their description till my return, when I shall have seen and examined, more churches and collections. Then you are sure of some good supplements to the lithography of the ancients, in which you have penned already down so many fine observations. Rome is indeed, on this

this account, the best place for a mineralogist. They cannot dig here in the adjacent vineyards through the rubbish and ruins of ancient palaces, which to the height of fifteen feet cover the pavings of old Rome, [see Madame Du Bocage's Letters sur l'Italie] without meeting with rich provisions of the finest antique marbles, porphyry, and basaltés, which the proprietors of the ground sell by the pound. Even the streets are in many places, and especially before St. Peter's church, paved with serpentine antico, porphyry, and antique marbles. So are the floors of the churches and palaces. I will now speak to you only of the *pietra elastica*, in the palace Borghese. It consists of several slabs or tables of a white antique marble, which are said to have been cut from a cornice block belonging to an old building. These tables are about four palmi Romani in length, one palm in breadth and two inches thick. One of these pieces is designed to be shewn to strangers; the others are set up as side-boards. This table, being put with the larger end on the ground and shaking it, gives on both sides an alternating belly, but springs by an elastic motion and with a crackling sound into its former form. It is a white antique marble, affected by aqua fortis, and composed, as appearing under the microscope, of transparent chrystalline grains. Its flexibility is undoubtedly owing to an imperfect connection of its grains. This was lost, perhaps, by the action of the air, or by a soft calcination of fire, which destroyed a part of its natural cement: so that, the plate being beat, these particles are forced to roll or shift, which produces the crackling sound. Its friability, which is such, that even the nail of a finger makes it appear, countenances the same opinion. It

has been already described and spoken of by the learned *P. Jacquier delli Minimi alla Trinità di monte* in a periodical paper, and by *P. Fortis* in his *Sagga sopra l'Isola di Cberso ed Osero*.

The stone and marble cutters at Rome, imitate, in marble, fruit, eggs, and such things, which are to be had *al Corso*. They give by maceration and coloured acids, to the white marble, a red, yellow, blue, and green colour, which penetrates and soaks pretty deep into its substance.

In the same street are sold imitations of cameos, cut in thick sea-shells. The ground is commonly blue or reddish; the relievio white. Fine impressions in red sulphur sell for five bajocchi apiece.

The old Mosaic works, imitating nature by a composition of square stones, are done at Rome in a high degree of perfection; they at present commonly employ only artificial ones, which for the most part are manufactured at Venice, in a variety of about a thousand colours. These frutts or artificial stones are first cut with a diamond, and then with a convenient iron hammer, broken into cubes; which, according to their bigness and colour are separated in different chests and drawers, and kept for use. The fixing and composing them is the same as in the before-mentioned Florentine Mosaic work. I have seen a mosaic portrait of the present Emperor, which was highly resembling him; and a great many artists are employed to decorate St. Peter's with such immortal undecaying pictures. They have improved the art of the ancients, and attempted coloured basso relievio.

In the villa Adriana at Tivoli, near Frascati, and in other places, have been found the noblest ancient monuments of that kind. I observ-

ed in them blue frittas, which proved to me that the ancients knew the use of cobalt and the preparation of finalt. The finest red fritta, resembling sealing wax, is but a copper scoria, whose composition was an arcanum of a certain Mr. Matthioli at Rome. Though they imitate it, they do not arrive at the same brightness of colour.

The cabinet which Mercali described in the *Metallototeca Vaticana* has disappeared.

The *Museum Kircherianum*, in the *Collegio Romano* under the direction of the Jesuits, has been described by Bonanni. It contains a fine set of precious stones. There is preparing a new edition of that book, under the title of, *Bonanni rerum naturalium Fissiovia*; which will appear with annotations of Mr. J. A. Batarra, in two volumes folio.

SCENE from the MILESIAN, a COMIC OPERA in two ACTS, as it performed at the Theatre-Royal, DRURY-LANE.

THE following is a scene in the second act, in which Capt. Cornelius O Gollagher relates to Mr. Belfield, sen. the particulars of a sea-engagement in which he and Mr. Belfield's son George bore a part.

SCENE, a Parlour in Mr. BELFIELD'S House, Mr. BELFIELD, MELINDA, GEORGE, and the CAPTAIN at Breakfast.

Mr. Belfield.

DO not interrupt the Captain in his narrative, I desire you. — Pray, Sir, what time of the day was it when you first got fight of the enemy?

Captain. No time of the day,

for it was about four in the morning; about that time I could see them plain enough, as I stood on the star-board quarter.

Melinda. Pray now, Captain, tell us, what is starboard?

Mr. Belfield. This girl will never be at rest.

Captain. Oh let the young lady alone, Sir; by my own soul, the question is *propo* enough; why should a man talk in a language that nobody understands but himself; why, my little gramacree, starboard is that part of the ship which is exactly opposite to the larboard.

Melinda. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Belfield. Oh, I understand you, Sir; pray go on.

Captain. Our ship being ahead, I hoisted a signal for seeing the enemy; oh, my dear jewel, there wasn't a rag of canvas through the whole fleet but what was out in ten minutes. The enemy began to form the line about eight o'clock, and lay to ready to receive us; we bore down upon them so sweetly, oh, it would do your heart good to see the breeze we had; about fifty-seven minutes before ten, I came within random shot of the ship I was to engage.

Mr. Belfield. Pray, Captain, of what force was the ship you engaged?

Captain. By my soul she was a ninety, and lay so snug in the water, that a mile distance you would not take her to be bigger than a drake in a mill pond.

Mr. Belfield. Dreadful odds, Captain; the Lion mounts but seventy-four, I believe.

Captain. No more; but it's all the same to Cornelius. So, my jewel, what will you have of it, but they began to pop, in their foolish way, when we were not within two miles asunder. I never fire a gun, until I am near enough to chuck a potatoe on board the enemy; however,

ver, a random shot took poor Dennis Flaherty in the stomach as he stood by me.—Don't you remember poor Dennis?

George. Oh, very well; and a good fellow he was.

Captain. The devil a better creature ever wore trowfers; myself couldn't help crying when I saw poor Dennis under me; says I, Dennis, are you dead? And he said, not yet, Captain; if you have got any thing to leave, let me know it, and if I don't die to day, I will do as you bid me to-morrow. Why then, Captain, said he, all I have in the world I leave to my mother, and my chest of clothes to my aunt Bridget. So after the engagement was over, I had him decently interred in the sea, as he was the son of a gentleman.

Mr. Belfield. The Captain seems to grow melancholy, George; do you rouse him.

George. I will, Sir.—But, Captain, don't you remember, how in your rage for the loss of poor Dennis, you clapt a match to an eighteen pounder, and the execution it did on board the enemy.

Captain. You mean when the shot cut away the main geers.

George. Ay, you must certainly recollect it.

Captain. Oh, to be sure I don't.—The yard came down, my jewel, with thirty men upon it—about eleven o'clock there were thirty fall of the line engaged; ship to ship; oh how the elements did rattle; *Tunder*, *smoak*, fire, and sulphur.

Mr. Belfield. Captain, we conceive all the horrors of the battle, but tell us how George behaved.

Captain. Why you must know I was always fond of close quarters, so I gave directions to grapple the enemy; I then put him at the head of thirty as pretty Dublin lads as ever cross'd the water, each of them

furnished with a cutlass, and two brace of pistols. I was obliged to tell him he was born in Dublin, as I knew they would not like to be headed by a foreigner. Well, to be sure they didn't make their way. The first thing that creature did, was to cut the jaws of a Frenchman clean off.

Mr. Belfield. Mercy upon me!

Captain. Oh the devil a tooth he left him below stairs.

Enter VALENTINE, CHARLES, and LA FLURE.

Valentine. My dear George, I am heartily glad to see you; I did not hear of your arrival until yesterday evening; some very particular business prevented me, or I should have called upon you immediately. Well, I find you have brought home honour with whole bones.

George. Safe and sound, brother, although faith I have had my chance for a wooden leg; I am happy, Valentine, to introduce you to the acquaintance of Captain O'Gollagher, he has been to me a second father.

Valentine. Sir, I am so well acquainted with your character, and so truly sensible the honour your acquaintance must confer on any man, that I shall cultivate your friendship with the warmest assiduity.

Captain. I am glad he did, not wait for an answer, as I must have said something that meant nothing.

George. I was in hopes, Charles, on my arrival, to have found you in the arms of a good wife.—Captain this a friend worthy your acquaintance.—Charles, this gentleman is my commander, Captain O'Gollagher.

Charles. I consider this introduction, Sir, as the greatest honour ever yet conferred upon me.

Captain. Sir, I am your very most obedient, and very most obedient and most humble servant.—

There's

There's as much truth in that as there is in the other, and so we are quits.

Mr. Belfield. Well Valentine, you see we have George safe again.

—Mr. Marlove, I am much oblig'd to you for this favour. Captain, there are two youngsters that will talk law with you to the end of the chapter.

Captain. By my own soul they will not, for I never had the least notion of either law or equity in all my life, nor never desire it; but if they have a mind for a touch at navigation, why I think they will meet with their match in Cornelius.

Mr. Belfield. I have a few pictures above stairs, Sir, I think will please you.—Valentine do you shew the Captain the drawing room.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Coffee-houses seem to be in this country (what they can never be under a despotick government) the grand nurseries of politicks, as well as of wit.—At Old Slaughter's, the other evening, after a deal of altercation, respecting the conduct of our present unhappy civil war, and its propable issue; one gentleman in a rage damned the whole body of the Americans, as a set of the most contemptible poltroons, the most detestable hypocrites, the most ungrateful traitors; that could be produced in the annals of any age or nation; and concluded by offering a bet, that ere now "the two galling brothers got the miscreant's" (Lee's) head.

"Done, Sir," instantly cries a gentleman at the same table—"and I will make this addition to your wager, that neither the Howe's, nor their wife and virtuous masters, the ministers themselves, will ever have among them one half of either General Lee's head or heart."

Angry words and personal as well as national reflections, beginning now to arise, I paid for my glass of punch, and retired, to ruminate on the baneful effects of party-prejudice, which diverts us from an attention to the real welfare of our country; is destructive of society, and make even the wisest, and best of men, view things with a jaundiced eye.

ANECDOTICUS.

TRUE LOVE. AN ODE.

I.

HAIL Love! Divinity supreme!
Whom all invoke! whom all adore!

The sop's delight!—the maiden's dream!

Support of prude—coquette—and whore!

The poor man's curse!—the rich man's guilty joy!

The old man's bane!—the young one's blissful toy!

II.

Vain mortals thus themselves deceive,

And call their madness by this name,

Nor lust, nor vanity believe

To be the sword that wounds their fame!

Still so deprav'd, each carnal vice they'll prove,

And then to give it sanction, call it—Love!

III.

From Heaven thou cam'st, oh! sacred guest!

To harmonize the human mind,
With filial fear first warm't our breast,

And made us merciful and kind!

Throughout the universe the power is seen,

And all adore the son of beauty's queen.

Description of Mount Vesuvius, extracted from Travels through ITALY, in the Years 1771 and 1772. In a Series of Letters to Baron BORN, on the Natural History of that Country.

I Come now to Vesuvius, the only volcano still burning. This mountain is very high, and entirely conic, standing with the adjacent lavahills Monte Somma and Ottajano, isolate between the Appenines and the sea. Its exterior sides consist of lava, which towards the sea, to a great depth, is covered with black sand and small stones (*Rena e lapilli*), or black ashes and small lava pieces. The top is ever smoking, and changed by almost every eruption. During those of 1685 and 1689, a conical hill, five hundred palmi high, was raised in its funnel, wherein it was swallowed up, and disappeared soon after. P. La Torre and Abbate Botis have given its figure. The circumference of the funnel is very large after the last eruptions. Its form is elliptical, and resembles in the inner part an inverted cone. Descending several fathoms into it, you meet with a floor or roof of lava, which covers the deeper holes. Its strength and thickness are unknown. It is cracked and broken in several places; and two fissures, especially a long one gaping about a foot, continually throw out smoke, heat, flaming fire, ashes, sands, and stones. The whole is covered by black sand and ashes, green vitriol, yellow and reddish sulphur, and white salmiac. The sands and ashes on this floor, and on both sides of the funnel, are ever smoking, and often too hot to be walked upon. By strong winds, the sulphureous smoke is whirling in the funnel, and almost intolerable. The eruptions do not constantly break through the top, but often through the sides of the mountain, from its middle. So did the last.

[Misc.]

The erupted lavas last for a long while hot and smoking. I found those of the last eruption, a year after, in many places intolerably hot, and smoking through the fissures which had been produced by the coldness of the air. This lava torrent broke through the middle sides of the mountain, and, having been strongly boiling or fermenting at the eruption, has occasioned by the inclosed air a subterraneous hole; which, according to my guides, is stretching, and turning into the lavamass, a length of about one hundred and eighty feet. They had flambeaux, and ventured into it. I attempted the same, as far as the heat would allow me: and I found its inner sides, as other fissures of hot lavas, covered with white salmiac, which commonly appears on the surface of the lavas two months after the eruptions. If the weather be fair, and the wind driving the smoke to one side of the funnel, you enjoy from the summit of the mountain a most extensive noble view. I had that pleasure, and drank to your health a glass of *lacryma Christi*; an excellent wine, growing upon the cineraceous fertile hills, that are adjacent to the foot of the mountain. I heard at several times under ground a hollow tremulous sound; this is more intense and frequent before the eruptions, which arrive, and are apprehended, rather after continual strong rains than in dry weather. Prof. Vairo at Naples has assured me, that during the eruptions of Vesuvius perpendicular iron bars are found to be electric. I slip over the the suffocating damps, which will be described this year by Mr. Bartoloni in *Description delle massette del Vesuvio*.

Many old poets and historians describe that mountain as very fertile, and grown over with wood. Hence it appears, that for many centuries

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it ought to have been quiet without any eruption [See Magazine of Hambrough, vol. ix.] and that many more centuries, anterior to that time of the ancients, have been requisite to rife it by many successive eruptions to its ancient form and elevation. Is this consistent with our common chronology?

Monte Somma and Ottajano are volcanic mountains, or rather the same mountain, called at one side of Vesuvius Somma, and at the other Ottajano. It surrounds Vesuvius like a wall, in a semicircular form; so less elevated; very steep, and irregularly broken towards the valley, by which it is divided from Vesuvius. This situation, and the present condition of many similar swallowed volcanos, make it highly probable that Monte Somma, Ottajano, and Vesuvius, have been, in former times, a coherent mass of a conical form, and much higher than Vesuvius; that the top of this colossal volcano sunk, and the whole mountain was swallowed into itself; that Somma and Ottajano are but part of the anterior larger funnel; that there have been new eruptions from the sunk funnel, which by accumulated lavas and ashes have successively raised the now subsistent Vesuvius in the same manner as the eruptions of 1685 and 1689 produced a smaller hill, which was swallowed afterwards. According to these facts and suppositions, Vesuvius, after having burnt out, may sink to the ground, leave but a part of its circumference standing, and in its place a pool like Lago d'Agnano, d'Averno, and others in Italy.

They suppose, that there is a subterranean connection between Vesuvius, the Solfatara, Etna, Stromboli, and the ocean. I do not know this; but there is good reason to suppose, under ground, large holes and excavations. Amazing quantities of

combustible and vitrescent materials have been since so many centuries containing large stones supposes strong currents of air in the long and spacious caverns. Certain it is, that Vesuvius has, in former times, vomited large quantities of water; and that the sea, during the eruptions and earthquakes, is in a strong commotion. They tell us that sea shells have appeared together with this water.

The probable and possible causes of the subterraneous inflammations are demonstrable by experimental philosophy. They are many. But it is impossible exactly to determine to what they are owing, whether to water and pyrites, or to a fermentation of calcareous materials produced by acids of waters. According to general report, pyrites have been thrown out, though in small quantities; but sublimated sulphur is very common on its smoking funnel.

The amazing quantities of lava and ashes, vomited in so many eruptions during so many centuries, prove that Vesuvius is hollow, and that there are besides, under ground, large holes and reservoirs of inflammable and vitrescent materials. The common sinking of the volcanos into flat pools countenances that opinion. However, the lava-eruptions out of the upper funnel can be produced by its fermentation and ebullition, which overflowing the funnel have successively raised it, and will continue to do so, till the whole fire-built construction sink into the ground.

The undermost and inner part of Vesuvius consists probably of lavas, ashes, and burnt materials. The remains of sunk and extinct volcanos prove it. Monte Somma and Ottajano is the best evidence to the purpose. This mountain consists of many horizontal or somewhat dipping

ping beds, each one or two feet thick; and these are composed, 1. Of grey ashes mixed with pumice-stones. 2. Of grey blueish lava sprinkled with thin and black sherl-flakes. 3. Of black lava mixed with white garnet-like polygon sherl-crystallizations. They are superincumbent one to another, without any order, except that the cineritious or ash-strata are more frequent than the lava beds. Perhaps, each lava bed may be considered as a monument of as many eruptions. Through these horizontal beds sink vertical or nearly vertical veins, about three feet large, filled up either with grey blueish lava, which is porous and honey combed towards the middle, and contains now and then black sherl-flakes; or with black greyish lava, which contains white farinaceous decayed garnet-like sherl-crystallizations. These perpendicular veins may be considered as fissures, caused by earthquakes and by following eruptions filled with lava.

Pompeja is buried in grey ashes, covered afterwards by black ones. Small grey pumice-stones, and white small garnet-sherls, most part farinaceous, are common in both. These ashes shew some effervescence with acids, and have been, by length of time, coagulated or ferraminated into a volcanic tuff, which is common too in many hills about Naples. Almost all the whole city is discovered, so that you may walk into its streets and into its houses, which have no roofs. They have discovered the gate of the city, and even the hinges and hooks upon which the gates moved. The streets are paved with Vesuvian lavas. There are on both sides rising foot-paths, and in the middle pavings you discover the tracks of the waggons. The houses are built with lime, and

the following stones. 1. With calcareous tuff-stone and osteocolla, from Sarno near Pompeja, or the calcareous Apennines, running towards Salerno and Apulia. 2. With old black lava, containing white sherl-garnets. 3. With old grey or yellow volcanic tuff, containing plenty of grey pumice-stones. 4. With red porous pumice-stones, containing small vitreous sherl-garnets. The antiquity of Pompeja gives an idea of the high antiquity of these volcanic eruptions. But digging under the foundation of Pompeja three other different torrents of black lava have been discovered, which are one incumbent on the other, inclose white garnets, and for that reason appear to be of the remotest antiquity. The same has been observed under Herculaneum and Portici.

Herculaneum is buried under blackish or dark-grey ashes, affected likewise by acids, and containing inclosed small pumice-stones, and fragments of white marble or limestone. They are ferraminated into a black tuff. The theatre alone is left discovered; all the rest is filled up again.

A REPARTÉE.

A Gentleman reading aloud from the papers, the other morning, that the celebrated Lady — had taken a trip to the continent with her favourite Cecilio, the gallant Captain — “Yes,” replied a wag present — “but egad it will only prove to the world, (what is sufficiently known already to every body but her husband) that her Ladyship is not a continent, but a drawing room.”

Alphabetical CHARACTERS of the
Actors of Drury Lane Theatre.

L—is a Lacy, who lays by his
crown,

To enter the list of theatric re-
nown.

A—is an Aicken, an actor of
merit,
Nor wanting in judgment, expression,
or spirit.

M—is a Moody, an actor in vogue,
Whose simplicity only you'll find
in his brogue,

B—is a Brereton with talents to
please,
If the boards he prefers to his
pleasure and ease.

N—is a letter which stands for a
Nash,
An ingredient to form a thea-
trical hash.

C—is a Cautherly, heedless of fame,
Since he finds he can now play
the best of the game.

P—is a Palmer, of true comic size,
But Palmer beware of blank
if you're wise.

D—is a Dodd, who in dress, make,
and feature,
Exhibits the high finish'd com-
bination of nature.

R—is a Reddish, long set in this
ground,
A root of some taste, tho' not
very sound.

E—is an Everard, who here must
stand waiter,
As poets use words to make up
the metre.

S—is a Smith, who goes through
each part,
With ev'ry address, but that of
the heart.

F—is a Fawcett, whose merits to
scorn,
Lie in acting those parts which
are under the man.

V—is a Vernon, who still keeps
his taste,
But his powers are running to
dryness and waste.

G—was a Garrick, whose fame now
lies still,
Unless gently blown by the puff
of his quill.

W—is a Wroughton, to do what you
will,
To go on and off—parade, or
stand still.

H—is an Hurst, who if bawl, rant,
and stare,
Can make a good actor, he's
surely a play'r.

Y—is a Yates, who gives every
feature,
The union of art, with the
fullness of nature.

I—is a Jefferson, who may be reck-
on'd,
Tho' not a great hero, a very
good second.

And now having ta'en an impromptu
view,
Of the heroes, as well as the heroines
of Drury,

K—is a King, who has every claim
To worth as a man, as an ac-
tor to fame.

To

To the Garden I next mean to pay
my advances,
So Ladies be ready—put on your
best glances.

Gregg's Coffee House.

Y O R R I C K.

Conference between ARISTUS and
EUGENE.

On the S E A.

CAN a man look upon these waves returning to the gao! from whence they came, said Aristus, without musing upon the cause of so wonderful a movement? but I muse in vain, added he, as I am no philosopher I cannot comprehend it. Were you as much a philosopher as Aristotle, said Eugenius, you'd still be at a loss. Don't you know what some people say of that genius of nature; that not being able to comprehend the flux and reflux of the sea, after a profound meditation on it, he threw himself into the Euripides, as if it were to teach us by his death, that that question was the rock of philosophy, and the abyss in which the human mind is lost. There has been a deal reasoning upon the subject since the death of Aristotle, replied Aristus; and I long to know what the learned have said upon it, were it only for my diversion; for they commonly say pleasant things upon subjects which they don't understand. But with all my curiosity, very likely, I shall never know their thoughts, unless you spare me the pains of reading their books, by telling me; tell me therefore, I beseech you; be so good as to inform me of all you know upon the sub-

ject. Indeed, replied Eugene, I am not so learned as you imagine, and don't know what to say; but since you insist upon it, I'll tell you what I have formerly read.

Plato seems to have imagined that there are great gulphs in the bottom of the sea; and that the waters coming out of, and returning into them, with the same impetuosity, produce that motion which we call flux and reflux.

The famous Apollonius Tyanæus thought it proceeded from some, unknown sort of spirits, that blew under the ocean, and shook the waves by their breath.

Other philosophers are persuaded, that subterraneous fires, as they kindle, cause the sea to boil: and that boiling extends itself by little and little, and at last ceases when the fires become extinct.

Some say that the air pent up beneath the waters, pushes the sea, and raises and extends it towards the borders: that the sea having given way for some time, pushes back the air with as much violence, as it had been detained.

There are some who think that the bottom of the sea being uneven, and more hollow in the middle than towards the shore, the waters from all the banks, fall into the lowest places; but meeting all together, they dash and chase one another so, that they rise up again to the place from whence they fell.

Many think the rivers that water the earth are the cause of the flux and reflux, as if by coming from the sea, they caused it to run with them, and by returning to it, made it burst back and double upon itself.

If the rivers have that effect, said Aristus, interrupting him, might not that be said of every river which Tasso said of the Po, that it seems

seems to make war against the sea, instead of bringing tribute to it.

— e pax
Cœ guers a porti, e non tributo al mare.

Yes, replied Eugenius laughing; in the opinion of these philosophers, all rivers, even those which are the least rapid, are seditious, and trouble the repose of the ocean, by the trouble they excite therein. But to speak more seriously, continued he, and to tell you all I know of the flux and reflux, some Arabian doctors have attributed it to the daily revolution of the first mover, as if the turning of the Heavens gave a shake to the waters as well as to the planets.

Gallileus explains this motion of the sea, by that which he imagines in the earth. The great astronomers will have it, if I am not mistaken, that in proportion as the earth is carried to the East by an unequal motion; the waters of the sea which are contained in the cavities of the earth, retire towards the West, till the same motion of the earth slackening, they return by their own weight to the place from whence they came.

A mathematician of our time thinks the flux and reflux comes from the balancing of the globe of the earth upon its axis: as if the reclining twice a day from east to west, was the cause of the waters coming and going according to its diverse motions.

Those who are not so nice, decide the matter a shorter and more easier way: they say without so much ado, that the sea has of itself that periodical agitation; or that an angel has no other business, than thus to balance these waves.

Those who are most curious, have recourse to the planets. Some will

have it that the Sun dilates its waters by the heat: that the waters being dilated, and requiring a larger space, they spread themselves over the shore, and that they return into their bed again by the natural inclination which they have to contract themselves.

Others refer all to the Moon, as a Planet which governs watery bodies, and has such a sympathy with the sea, that the one changes regularly like the other; which gave room to a devise, the body of which is a sea under a Moon, and the soul these words,

Con sue mudancas me mudo.

Her changes make me change.

Those philosophers who argue for the Moon, explain their opinion diverse ways. Some of them give a virtue to the influence of that Planet a little like that of the load stone; they say the Moon draws the waters after her by a secret virtue; and forms a swelling, which breaking diffuses itself upon the borders, from whence these waters retire afterwards to return into their natural state.

Some hold that the Moon passing over the sea, presses the air between its globe and that element: that the pressed air sinks the water and causes it to swell again on two sides, which makes the flux: that the swell ceases, and the water return by little and little to its first situation, as the Moon passes, which makes the reflux.

A CHARACTER.

DICK Crocket, at the death of his father, succeeds to a fortune in the funds of about 400*l.* a year. As he had not been brought up to the

the study of any particular profession, he found himself at one and twenty, when he succeeded to his inheritance, very little inclined to any laborious pursuit. On the contrary, he entered with a spirit superior to his prudence into all the polite amusements of the age, and he had even some thoughts of going into the army; but a love of indolence, and a total want of energy, for which he has ever been distinguished, prevented the execution of that project. At an age when satiety has almost destroyed the charms of dissipation, his diminished fortune dictated the propriety of a retirement; he therefore for once mustered sufficient resolution to enable him to change his mode of existence, took lodgings in a retired street, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to the charms of study and tranquillity. After having lost some weeks in the hurry of removal, and the want of determination with respect to his future researches, he one day happened to see an old folio of heraldry lying on a stall, he bought it, and eagerly perused the history of a science with which he had been hitherto unacquainted. Charmed with the discovery of the idleness of all speculations, he bought every work which treated of his favourite study, with which he had combined that of pedigrees, that he might possess one as a resource when he was sated with the other. He has laboured with such assiduity, that there is now hardly a genealogy or a coat of arms with which he is unacquainted. Nay, from continual reading, his ideas on every subject are tinged with this species of learning. For instance, he a few days since congratulated a newly married friend, not on the beauty, the fortune, or the accomplishments

of his mistress, but that she had a dash of the best blood in England in her veins.

When in a conversation with Dick some weeks since, I happened to declare my sentiments respecting the character of the great duke of Marlborough, he did not ask me on what part of his conduct I founded my ideas, but whether the lion rampant in his arms were azure or argent; and upon my appearing disconcerted at the question, he imputed my warmth to his not having imparted the colours of the field, or whether there was any other bearing.

Such is the manner in which a man, who might have been serviceable to mankind, has wasted almost his whole life; all his youthful days were lost in a vicious dissipation, and he has spent his later stage without acquiring the smallest particle of useful knowledge.

A DESCRIPTION OF SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough is in the north riding of Yorkshire: 30 miles from York, and 204 from London. It is an ancient well built town, defended on the north east by a high rock, on which there was a fine castle, but it is now in ruins. Its stately strong tower served also for a sea mark: the top of the rock is a pleasant plain of about 10 acres of good meadow land, and has a fountain in it which serves the garison; the houses are strong and well built, and are romantically situated, bending in form of a half moon to the ocean, and extending confusedly on the declining side of the rock, from north to south. It is a corporation town, being governed by two bailiffs, a recorder, common-council,

oil, and the usual inferior officers; it has a good trade, commodious quay, and a great number of vessels chiefly employed in the coal trade between Newcastle and London. It has one of the best harbours in the kingdom; many of the inhabitants are employed in fishing for drying and pickling herrings, &c. But the chief source of wealth to the people of this town, is its admirable Spaw: the well is a quick spring, about a quarter of a mile south of the town, at the foot of an exceeding high cliff, rising upright out of the earth, like a boiling pot, near the level of the spring tides, by which it is often overflowed. 'Tis never dry, and yields, 24 gallons in an hour; it is transparent, inclining to a sky colour, and is impregnated with vitriol, iron, allum, and salt; it smells like ink, but tastes pleasant and acid; it is purgative and diuretic, and most frequented in the hot months. The inhabitants of this town, when they would warn people to act with precaution, say proverbially, that they must take a Scarborough warning; which implies, that they must take care not to be surprized unawares. It arose from one Thomas Stafford, who in the reign of Mary I. seized the castle with a handful of men; whilst the town had not the least notice of his approach. But he was taken by the earl of Westmoreland in six days and being carried to London was beheaded. Here are good accommodations for those who come to drink the waters; and assemblies, balls, plays, &c. for their amusement. The town gives the title of earl to the Lumley family, sends two members to parliament, has a market on Thursday and Saturday, and a fair on Holy Thursday.

Bon Mot of our Modern Aristophanes.

WHEN Mr. Foote was lately attacked with a paralytic stroke, he happened to fall from his chair, and in that fall strained his thumb a little. A friend of his calling on him a few days afterwards, and seeing him a good deal recovered from the accident, enquired how his thumb was? "O! pretty well! I thank you (says the wit, stretching out the arm that received the paralytic stroke) you see 'tis on the mending hand."

Character of Roscius, by the late Dr. Smollet.

IT is not for the qualities of his heart, that this little Parasite is invited to the tables of Dukes and Lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment.—His avarice they see not; his ingratitude they feel not; his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing; but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch, and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard. (See Roderick Random, v. 2. p. 260.)

I am,

Your's, &c.

A COPYIST.

P O E T R Y.

RELIGION. An Ode.

—*Cirrus ictrare*
Cogo—

THRO' many a dark and dreary
way
Proud Science led me long astray—
Soon as I recogniz'd RELIGION's power,
She smil'd, she sung, all Nature shone,
The strains she utter'd, oft' I con,
And oft' I hum them to the midnight hour.

She sung of beauteous Nature's birth,
How at the first the heavens and earth
Rose at the bidding of th' Eternal Mind:
She sung of Man, and his free will,
His knowledge of both good and ill,
His end—for virtuous happiness design'd.

She next proceeded to relate
Presumptions of a future state;
And from the changes we've already past,
And what around us we may see,
Reasoning on Nature's constancy,
Infer'd the soul shall thro' all changes last.

Mark how each several kind of grain
When sown, first dies, then lives again;
From forms decay'd, still fresher forms arise:
That Being which now crawls a worm,
Squalid, groveling, and deform,
Now wings its way and ranges thro' the skies.

How, added she, should aught destroy
The consciousness, and inward joy
Of upright minds, reflecting on the past?
So lively to the latest breath
So powerful 'mid the pangs of death,
This joy so vigorous must for ever last.

Mark, on the other hand, what shame,
What keen remorse and inward blame
Pursue the wicked to their latest hour:
If this be, *here*, their constant doom,
Hereafter too, 'what dreams may come,'
What future anguish may their peace devour.
[Mon. M.]

Mark how each truly worthy man,
With Cato, triumphs in the plan
Of immortality, before his eyes:
And mark his wild distracted air,
His anguish, horror, and despair,
Whilst Richard's crimes, like ghosts, before
him rise.

Thus, Virtue, by th' eternal laws
Of Nature, veneration draws,
And points to happiness the certain road;
And this th' ALMIGHTY maketh
known,
Mankind shall reap as they have sown,
The laws of Nature are the laws of God.

But 'tis not Nature's voice alone,
Nor Conscience only, makes us own
That Virtue's th' ALMIGHTY's moral plan:
By Revelation, lo! 'tis seal'd,
And lo! the wrath of God reveal'd
From heaven, 'gainst all unrighteousness of
man.

Lo! farther still, in Virtue's aid,
Is Immortality display'd,
With confirmations strong from Holy Writ;
With offers of redeeming grace,
Most fitted to man's wretched case,
To such kind offers, should not he submit?

For each disease, and painful wound,
Kind remedies are in Nature found:
Ills which from guilt and from misconduct
rise,
Repentance can do much to heal;
And friendly succour can avail
To give relief which conscious guilt denies.

Hath Nature thus so kindly spoke,
She sure affords some ground to hope,
Heaven's laws are not so rigidly severe,
But that for pardon there is room.
If men true penitents become,
And sue for mercy with a heart sincere.

But

But can repentance e'er avail
 Each wound of conscious guilt to heal,
 Each natural consequence of sin prevent?
 Here Reason leaves men still dismay'd,
 Here Revelation brings them aid,
 On this great errand was the SAVIOUR sent.
 But where's the tongue or thought can
 trace
 The wonders of redeeming grace,
 From it's first openings of most ancient date?
 And who can tell, to what a height
 Of bliss, thro' the Redeemer's might,
 His faithful friends shall rise in the after-state.

ON PROVIDENCE.

AS with affection fond, a mother views
 Her infant race, and melts with conscious joy,
 On the girl's cheek the oft' the kiss renews,
 Or to her bosom strains the beauteous boy:
 Some climb, with eager love, her envy'd knees,
 Some at her feet in childish frolic play;
 Their secret with the raptur'd mother sees,
 From the sweet smiles, the gestures they display:
 And as the marks each varied face, bestows
 A tender look on these, and gentle speech on those.
 Yet, if displeasure's frown her brow should wear,
 She's still the mother, and her child befriends;
 So Providence all-wise, with parent care,
 Provides for some, to others comfort lends;
 To all who ask, the liberal aid supplies,
 To every suppliant lends a willing ear;
 And if sometimes her kindness she denies,
 'Tis only to exhort the grateful pray'r;
 Nay, by denying oft' our ill-tim'd wants,
 Refusal is consent, and all our wish she grants.

THE OBSECRATION.

[From GESSNER.]

YE Naiads, O attend my prayer!
 Permit your waters as they glide
 Gently to lave my wounded side,
 Ye Naiads, O propitious hear!
 Your kindly healing powers bestow!
 No base or violent design
 (For barbarous rage was never mine)
 Hath caus'd these purple drops to flow.
 A blooming boy I lately found,
 A wolf had mark'd him for his prey,
 Beneath his savage grasp he lay,
 And with his cries the woods resound.

Thank heaven! I heard—my shouts replied,
 Like lightning to his aid I flew;
 But while the monster I subdued,
 With furious teeth he tore my sides.

Ye Naiads, O without offence
 Permit this eve my trickling blood
 To stain your pure translucent flood!
 'Twas shed in aid of innocence.

So when the clouds of morning glow,
 To the green margin of your spring,
 I a devoted kid will bring,
 Whose colour mocks the new-fall'n snow.
 W. NORTHAN.

On the much lamented Death of his Royal Highness Prince Frederic William.

WHERE are those tiar'd insects of a court,
 That to the gilded palaces resort,
 To flatter Princes in their height of pow'r,
 But vanish in that dark and solemn hour,
 When with short sighs they draw their parting breath,
 And sink into the silent arms of death?
 Is it the want of genius, or that grief,
 For such a loss admits of no relief,
 That not one single elegiac verse
 Flows from their silver pen to grace his hearie?
 Then let a female muse attempt to sing
 His blooming virtues, blatted in their spring,
 Whose sprightly converse charm'd the list'ning ear,
 Remembrance sweet, to sacred friendship dear:
 Music and painting round him weeping mourn,
 And learning drops a tear upon his urn.
 His beauty made the damask roses pale,
 Yet fairer than the lilly of the vale.
 Why should Britannia's hope, her sweetest flow'r,
 Droop, sicken, die, ere the meridian hour
 Before his blushing honours could appear
 In their full splendor,—each succeeding year?
 No more, ye nymphs, your flow'ry chaplets bring;
 But angels bear him on their sacred wing
 To that immortal throne, where virtue lives
 For ever blest, and death itself survives.
 Let reason stop the tender mother's sigh,
 The tear that trembles in the royal eye;
 Reflecting that he left this mortal stage,
 Unfully'd by the vices of the age,
 To meet in realms of bliss (auspicious fate!)
 The promis'd glories of a future state.
 Such soothing thoughts may charm the soul to rest,
 But never drive his image from my breast;

A SKETCH of PARIS.

LADIES, whose dress, wit, sprightliness,
 and air,
 Charm, till their plaister'd cheeks like
 spectres scare;
 Men, learn'd, polite, and yet so much the
 prig,
 Their genius seems quite center'd in their
 wig;
 Ferries and ferrymen, begrim'd like Charon,
 Plump, chuckling priests, dress gorgeously as
 Aaron;
 Pulpit enthusiasts, foaming like mad Tom;
 Coarse vixens, ogling lewd in Notre Dame;
 Pert, fallow, slip shoed damsels, loosely dress'd,
 As risen from bed, and panting to be prest;
 Shades, which the gazer for Elysium takes,
 Till his stung nose suspects the neigh'ring
 jakes;
 Nuns gliding now, now sighing, "Flesh is
 graft;"
 Friars, who catches roar, and toast a lass;
 An opera house, large as our city halls,
 Fine action, words, scenes, dresses—dismal
 squalls!
 Round from Pont Neuf, the view superb
 and rich;
 Grand keys; the river a gentle Fleet ditch;
 Lame hackney horses, as their drivers lean;
 Figure's unnumber'd, anti's to the spleen;
 Old, wither'd cronies, in gaudy silks dis-
 play'd;
 Monks with toupees, and tansors in brocade;
 Tawdry, patch'd sempstresses, beismear'd with
 snuff;
 Long rapier'd pigmies, hid behind a muff;
 Shoe-boys with ruffles; lacqueys, dress'd like
 quail—;
 Such oddities! the town seems all a droll:
 Turn where we will, our eyes new splendors
 greet,
 Whilst half the city glares a Monmouth-
 street.
 Still modier, Vanity, had been thy fair,
 If the fam'd painter Bunyan had been here.

IMITATION of the 23d ODE of HORACE.

CARM. LIB. I.

Integer Vitis, Scelerisque parus, &c.

HAPPY the man, who, void of care,
 At six each morning can repair,
 To seek his God in fervent pray'r,
 Humbly beseeching, that as he
 Forgives, he may forgiven be,
 From envy and from malice free.

A man, so good, has no pretence
 To claim a safeguard, innocence
 Is the best rampart of defence.

Retiring one day to a grove,
 And wrap up in seraphic love,
 I mus'd upon the joys above,

When lo! a nymph with portly mien,
 A fairer creature ne'er was seen
 To grace the train of Albion's queen:
 Her eyes like sparkling diamonds shone,
 Which might another's heart have won,
 But mine remain'd as cold as stone.

Let each inquisitor of Spain,
 By Hell assisted, frame worse pain
 Than what was felt in Mary's reign;
 And when enraged, O! let all
 Their Popish fury on me fall,
 My soul they never shall enthrall,
 Nay more—Let infamy and shame
 Jointly asperse my spotless name—
 Thy praise, O God, shall be my theme.

J. R.

A C R O S T I C .

MOSTauteous fair, forgive this jea-
 lous strain,
 If from thy worth my muse should seek a
 name;
 Sacred to love's triumphant powerful sway,
 Should point to merit where her beauties
 lay.
 Struck by thy charms, those purer beam
 of light
 O'ershadow Phœbus, tho' divinely bright;
 Proud to obey, who could the task refuse,
 Hence, gen'rous love, my only happy muse;
 I now shall own thy blest propitious reign,
 As envy's mute and beauty serves again;
 Hear, happy youths, who love's soft
 empire own,
 If couch'd on hope, or mourning Sylvia's
 frown,
 Now blest or lost according to her doom.
 Come, pitying Gods, assist my humble pray'r,
 Humanity is not more worthy care;
 Love thines confess'd, her pleading cheer-
 ful ray,
 In Sophia's form adds lustre to the day;
 Fame speaks her worth, but there my
 theme must end,
 Fame but a voice which merit must defend.

U 2

MONESES.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, Feb. 16.

THE success of our arms against the Persians has not yet been confirmed, any more than the death of the regent. We are so much taken up with our differences with Russia that we hardly think of our affairs in Asia; nevertheless, it is not yet determined, whether war is openly to be declared with the court of Peterburgh, or not. The Grand Signior seems as wavering on that head as ever, and has frequent conferences with the Divan about it. On one hand, the effects of the late war are too severely felt to hazard another, if it can be avoided; whilst, on the other, government does not care to give up any part of the advantages of the navigation of the Black Sea, through the Dardanelles, to a rival power; particularly, as it is imagined, Russia not only wants to trade in those parts, but to bring ammunition & warlike stores into that sea, as appears from the cargoes of the two vessels which were stopped and unladen in our port. These considerations alarm government very much. The Reis Effendi has, it is said, declared to Mr. Stachien, that, notwithstanding the desire the Porte has to satisfy Russia, it is not possible that that power can be granted the free passage, without agreeing to the custom of this port; which would prevent any merchandize from being sent into the Black Sea, but such as was refused here. No one, nor does even government, think that the court of Peterburgh will agree to this; so that we are preparing against the worst. Considerable bodies of troops are raising, and the whole empire is in motion, as if we were at the eve of a war. Our arsenals, founderies, and dock yards, are all fully employed.

Gibraltar, Feb. 25. The last accounts from Barbary mention, that the emperor of Morocco having sent a detachment of his army towards the River Dra, in the province of Aytala, under the command of his cousin Muley Ali Ben Elfadil, in order to raise the contributions of those people, and appease the troubles, the latter resolved to

drive out the troops the first opportunity; accordingly one night they killed the general, ten officers, and 1300 men. As soon as the emperor heard of this, he marched at the head of a formidable army, to punish this rebellious action in the most severe manner.

Paris, March 26. A rumour prevails, that there are some disturbances at the court of Lisbon, where, it is said, two parties are formed respecting the succession of the crown.

Extract of a Letter from Cadix, March 17.

"We are greatly alarmed in this city, from an account of an intention having been discovered at Madrid to attempt the life of the king. Several strangers, Portuguese, German, and English, have been taken into custody at Madrid. An Irish priest, who had lodged for some time past in the Calle de Alcala, it is said has made some very important discoveries. Whether this is a real or sham plot, time will shew."

AMERICAN NEWS.

Charles Town, South Carolina, Dec. 29. A French ship with a very valuable cargo of gunpowder, &c. got on Cape Romain Shoals the last week; the vessel and cargo are lost, but the crew saved. This vessel brings accounts of the greatest plenty of merchandize fit for this trade being at Martinico, where the French shew the Americans every encouragement; that they protect all our vessels trading with them, and that ten sail of the line and twenty frigates were expected there from France; sixty barrels of gunpowder have arrived since our last.

Boston, Jan. 23. We learn by the Hartford post, that the British troops were evacuating the Jerseys as fast as possible, in order to re-occupy Staten Island, and that by an officer who left New York last Thursday, on parole, and rode in company with him, he was assured the enemy had orders to evacuate Rhode Island, and return to New York.

Morris

Morris Town, New Jersey, Jan. 15. Since Christmas, we have taken upwards of 2000 of the enemy prisoners, great quantities of baggage, &c. The enemy are retreating towards Staten Island, where they are followed by a part of our army, who make prisoners of them, more or less, every day; the enemy, with Howe at their head, appear to be panic-struck. The garrison that was taken at Fort Washington, are mostly released, some of them told me that 1100 of the garrison died in that city, being starved to death; that provisions were very scarce with the enemy. His Excellency is raising twelve battalions, exclusive of the eighty eight ordered by the Congress, so that next spring we shall have an army of 70,000 men, which I hope will be able to engage and conquer any body of troops that may be sent to America.

New York, January 19. Our army are now in fine spirits; their success has been amazing.—The British army; the body of them are at Brunswick; our army has them in a great measure hemmed in: I hope good account of them will be given soon.

The following may be depended upon as a genuine extract from a letter written by a gentleman in America of unquestionable veracity, and who has the best opportunity of gaining intelligence.

"Jan. 17. General Howe finding that he could not cross the Delaware, had cantoned his troops in the Jerseys, and was returned to New York before the Heilian affair on the 26th of December last. By the 7th of January we had taken about 2000 prisoners, not including the killed. We are expecting further news of importance. The enemy had left New York, without any considerable number of troops; General Cayton was acquainted with it, and we have advice, that he had sent on the 7th instant, orders to General Heaton, to march towards it with 8000 men. Should we succeed, we shall push hard to drive the enemy out of Staten Island, to which place the enemy are sending their baggage.

"Jan. 18. The 27th regiment was cut to pieces or taken prisoners on the 3d. The Congress have made General Washington a kind of Dictator for six months, investing him with large military powers; and have ordered three capital magazines to be erected in the continent, with arsenals and laboratories. The enemy have collected themselves in one body at Brunswick. General Howe will probably call back the troops from Rhode Island to reinforce him; but the weather may possibly prevent their being in time. The enemy are in possession of Brunswick and Amboy, and no other towns in the Jerseys. They are panic-struck to a high degree, a circumstance of which

General Washington will not fail to take the earliest advantage."

Baltimore, Jan. 16. Congress has received the following intelligence from the army at Pluckemin, in the state of New Jersey, Jan. 5, 1777.

"On the 2d instant the enemy began to advance upon us at Trenton; and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached that place about four o'clock, whilst their rear was so far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Sanpinckle Creek, which runs through Trenton, at different places; but finding the fords guarded, they halted and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the south side of the creek. In this situation we remained till dark, cannonading the enemy, and received the fire of their field pieces, which did but little damage.

"At twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, we marched by a round-about road to Princeton. We found Princeton, about sunrise, with only three regiments, and three troops of light horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance; and in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost 500 men. Upwards of 100 of them were left dead on the field; and with those carried off by the army, and such as were taken in pursuit, and carried across the Delaware, there are 300 prisoners, 14 of whom are officers, all British.

"Colonel Hafelet and Porter, Capt. Neal, of the Artillery, Capt. Flemming, who commanded the first Virginia regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, with about 25 or 30 privates, were slain in the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many who were in pursuit of the enemy, whom they chased three or four miles, are not yet come in. We burnt the enemy's hay, and destroyed such other things as the occasion would admit.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, April 1. A gentleman just returned from Kilkenney informs us of the following transaction there: a few nights ago a dispute arose in a public company between two friends (one a young man not more than nineteen years old) which grew to such a height that the company were obliged to interpose, and use every means to reconcile the parties, and the quarrel to all appearance subsided. The young man immediately left the room, and went home; the other waited for some time, and then went homeward with two or three of the

company; in his way thither he was to pass the door of the former; at which place the young bravo lay in wait for him with a small sword, and on his passing by, called on him by name, expressed his sorrow for the disagreement, and requested he would give him his hand in token of forgiveness; the other, not suspecting any ill, gave his hand, when the young villain plunged the sword through his friend's body, and then made his escape.—Shortly after this, the gentlemen associated for preserving the peace of the county of Kilkenny, happened to pass by where the wounded man lay, and learning the particulars, divided into different parties, pursued the villain, overtook him about nine miles from Kilkenny, and lodged him in the goal of that place. The man died next morning.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Bodmin, March 4. A few days ago died at Hanger, in this county, Samuel Mitchell, Esq. who many years ago resigned his commission of Colonel in his late Majesty's service. He has bequeathed 20*l.* per annum to 10 old maids; the like sum to as many poor housekeepers, and a very considerable sum to the parish: the income to be distributed annually in such charities as they approve: to his housekeeper, butler, steward, and valet, 100*l.* each; to his coachman, footman, and groom, 50*l.* each; two livings, in his gift, to two neighbouring clergymen, after the death of the present incumbents, who are both very old; his estate devolves to a very distant relation, who is the heir; but a great part of his fortune being in money, he has left to a relation, wife to a person now on duty in America.

Northampton, March 31. William Mew was executed on Monday last, pursuant to his sentence at Leicester assizes, for the murder of his wife at Loughborough, in an unheard of and most savage manner, viz. forcing a fire-poker up her body, when she was some time gone with child. On his trial, when called upon to make his defence, he said very little more than that he had no intention to kill his wife, but only to prevent his having any more children. The conduct of the prisoner, from his condemnation to his execution, was very unbecoming a person in his unhappy situation.

LONDON NEWS.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, April 1. 1777. Orders for the courts change of mourning on Thursday next, the 3d instant, for his late most Faithful Majesty.

The ladies to wear black silk or velvet,

coloured ribbons, fans, and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribbons.

The men to wear black coats, and black and plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles.

And on Sunday the 6th instant the court to go out of mourning.

1. Last Saturday the Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs visited the two markets, collecting money and provisions for the prisoners in the several goals in this city; also the bankers, the coffee houses, and the principal traders about the 'Change. Upwards of 70*l.* in cash, and a quantity of provisions were collected.

On Saturday last Mr. Hartley's experiments upon the method of securing buildings from fire, were tried upon Wimbledon common with the success that has always attended them.

Extract of a letter from Nuremberg, Mar. 18.

"We have accounts here of a disturbance which happened among the German troops taken into British pay, of which the following are the particulars, viz. When the above-mentioned troops were to embark on board the transports, they complained that the ships were too small, and that they should be greatly crowded; and so high did their murmurs arise, that they refused to go on board. The commandant told them, that the ships were rather confined, but that they would be provided with larger at a certain place, which he named; but this would not do; those who were not on board would not go, which made those who were on board to land again. Luckily the arms were all packed up in a chest, of which the commandant had the keys, and prevented their getting at them. He also gave orders to the company of chasseur, who were armed, to post themselves upon a hill, at the foot of which the troops, if they would go away, were obliged to pass; and commanded the captain of them to speak to the mariners, and if he found he could not otherwise prevent their flight, to fire upon them. This had the desired effect; four men were killed on the spot, which brought the rest to reason. In the mean time the commandant sent a courier to his sovereign, who came himself in four hours, which entirely put an end to the affair. There were, however, four who would not embark; these the prince discharged, with orders never to enter his dominions again; and that good order might be kept up, he determined to go great part of the way himself with his troops."

2. Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, died at London-house, in St. James's-square, of an inflammatory disorder in his bowels, which brought on a mortification, the Right

Rev.

Rev. Dr. Richard Terrick, Lord Bishop of this diocese, Dean of his Majesty's chapel royal, a Governor of the Charter House, and one of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable privy council. His Lordship was consecrated a Bishop in the year 1757, upon the translation of the present Bishop of Winchester from the see of Peterborough to that of Salisbury, and was advanced to that of London in the year 1764, on the death of Dr. Osbaldiston. His Lordship has left a widow and two daughters, the one married to the Right Honourable Lord Harrowby, and the other to the Rev. Dr. Anthony Hamilton, Archbishop of Colchester. In the evening St. Paul's bell tolled on the occasion.

3. Private letters from New York, which came by the Union, Capt. Rowe, arrived at Cork, say, that the great losses the King's troops have sustained by skirmishes, sickness, and desertion, has obliged General Howe to draw all his troops out of New York to join those in the Jerseys, the Provincials having become very powerful. The same letters say, that the great success the Americans have lately had in every engagement, has raised their spirits so much, that they carry all before them.

4. Letters from Hanover by the last mail mention, that a body of 6000 troops of that Electorate are kept in readiness to embark for America, in case of an emergency.

Yesterday the report was made to his Majesty in council of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate, when the following were ordered for execution on Wednesday the 16th inst. viz. Joseph Willson, capitally convicted on two indictments, the one for robbing Sir William Fleming, Bart. on the highway, two miles from Belfount, of a guinea; the other for robbing Thomas Deacon on the highway near Stanmore Common, of a watch; William Lavey, senior, and Elizabeth Parker (convicted in October session) for counterfeiting the silver coin of this realm.

John Hunt, for wilfully shooting at and wounding Thomas Armond, was reprieved during his Majesty's pleasure. Daniel Denny for altering the number of a lottery ticket from No. 36,609, which had at the last lottery been drawn a blank, to No. 37,699, which had been drawn a prize of 50l. was reprieved till the second of May.

5. This morning some fresh dispatches were received from General Howe at New-York, by way of Ireland, dated the 21st of February, but we do not hear any other particulars, excepting that the King's troops and the provincials have had two or three skirmishes, in which a few had been killed on both sides, and that the former were short of provisions.

Yesterday a great number of Highlanders, and other wounded soldiers, from America, were landed near Tower Wharf, and passed through the city. They appeared miserable objects; some with one leg, some without arms, and scarified all over their faces, &c.

7. The regiment of light infantry, composed of the last drafts out of every company in the foot guards, marched to Portsmouth, in order to embark there with all expedition to join General Sir William Howe's forces in America.

Sittings appointed in London and Middlesex before the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice, &c. in and after Easter Term:

Middlesex.		London.	
Tuesday	April 22	Wednesday	April 23
Monday	23	Tuesday	29
Monday	May 5	Wednesday	May 7
Friday	9	Saturday	10
After Term.		After Term.	
Tuesday	13	Wednesday	14

On Friday Lord Mansfield granted writs of Habeas Corpus for John Millachip, a liveryman of London, and John Maund, a city constable, both of which were lately impressed into his Majesty's sea service.

Yesterday morning a private man belonging to the first regiment of foot guards, lately tried by a court martial for desertion, was brought from the Savoy prison to receive part of his punishment, the Court Martial having sentenced him to receive 1000 lashes; Colonel Craigs, and the Officers belonging to the regiment attended, when two of the battalions were drawn into a circle on the parade in St. James's Park, and the sentence read to the prisoner, which was to receive 1000 lashes at four different times, 250 each time, 500 of which he is to receive in the regiment he belongs to, 250 in the Coldstream, and the other 250 in the third regiment; as the prisoner was a great offender, it was thought proper to make his punishment exemplary; and the part he yesterday received was very severe. After he was taken down from the halibuts, he was obliged to be carried between two men to the orderly room, where a surgeon dressed his back, after which he was handcuffed, and sent back to the Savoy prison.

Extra of a letter from Stafford, April 1.

"On Saturday morning came on before Mr. Baron Perryn the trial of a genteel young man, not nineteen years of age, for the murder of Sarah Spear, a fine young woman of eighteen, by mixing white arsenic in ale, and administering it to her: The prisoner was an apprentice to an eminent ironmonger at W—, in this county, where the unfortunate deceased girl lived as a servant. The prisoner, under promise of marriage,

marriage, debauched her. The girl being between two and three months gone with child, discovered her situation to him, when they agreed, that unless some method could be adopted to prevent a discovery, their characters would suffer in the esteem of their relations and friends; it was therefore determined that certain medicines should be taken, in order, if possible, to cause an abortion. The medicines were accordingly taken for some time, and the prisoner finding they had not the desired effect, purchased some white arsenic, under a pretended intention of applying it to the destruction of rats, and persuaded the deceased to take it, which she, with some reluctance, unfortunately did, upon a supposition it was a composition of a similar quality with, and administered for the same purpose, as that she had formerly taken. The dose being a large one, it hurried the poor creature off in a few hours. The prisoner, on his arrival at the age of twenty-one, would have been entitled to a fortune of 2000*l*. He appeared unconcerned to the last, but did not deny the justice of his sentence.—He was executed yesterday evening, and his body was this day dissected and anatomised."

9. The intrenchments which the Americans have thrown up about Philadelphia, are more immense works than any at New York, and the city is garrisoned by 15,000 militia.

10. On Monday night the lady of earl Temple, as she was going to bed, complained to the servant that attended her, that she found a great dizziness in her head, and the loss of her eye-sight, after which she fell into a fit, and expired immediately.

11. Wednesday the Rev. Dr. Louth kissed his Majesty's hand on being translated from the see of Oxford to that of London, in the room of Dr. Terrick, deceased.

The same day the Rev. Dr. Butler kissed his Majesty's hand, on being appointed Bishop of Oxford in the room of Dr. Louth.

14. Orders are given by his Majesty for taking in a part of the park to be laid into Carleton gardens, which is to have iron rails in the same manner as Buckingham house.

15. Our ministers have received authentic information, of a very extraordinary measure taken by the French court, which alarms them very much. The French have completely manned the fifteen men of war which they are fitting out, yet they have laid an embargo upon all their fishing vessels. Between ten and eleven thousand seamen from Morlaix, Dieppe, &c. used to be employed in the fishery at St. Pierre, &c. This fishery, which was highly advantageous to France,

she has resolved, this year, to forego; a measure she never took during the whole of last war, when she was frequently in great distress for seamen. The fishery stages will necessarily be destroyed. There must be some capital plan in the politics of the French Court, at this time, to occasion so very extraordinary a measure.

Saturday morning at the Old Bailey, came on the trial of Madame Thomas for forgery. The indictment charged her with forging a promissory note of hand for 50*l*. purporting to be the note of the Rev. Francis Tutte, of Kensington Gore, payable one month after date, with intent to defraud the said Francis Tutte; she was also charged with an intent to defraud Mr. Blade, upholsterer, of Market Street, St. James's. There were two counts also charging her with publishing the said note, with an intent to defraud the said Mr. Tutte, and Mr. Blades.

After Mr. Blades, Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Smart had given their evidence, Baron Eyre summed up the whole very carefully, observing that the Jury could not find her guilty of the forgery, as there was no kind of proof of it; but if they were inclined to think the prisoner published it knowing it to be forged, then they would find her guilty of that charge, which was equally criminal. The Jury retired for a quarter of an hour, and brought in their verdict guilty of uttering, knowing it to be forged. She was recommended by both the prosecutor and jury to mercy. Baron Eyre said he did not disapprove of their recommendations, as she was a foreigner, and from circumstances he thought her a fit object of mercy.

Saturday John Millachip, a freeman and liveryman, who was lately brought from on board one of his Majesty's ships by virtue of an habeas corpus, waited on the Lord Mayor to return his Lordship thanks for procuring his dismissal; but was told by the Lord Mayor that the thanks were due to the corporation, and that therefore it would be proper to wait on them the first Court of Common Council that is held, which he said he would do.

19. Yesterday eleven Judges met at their chambers in Serjeants Inn (Lord Chief Justice De Grey being absent) respecting the legality of Robinson's evidence against Dr. Dood. The Judges were of opinion, that Robinson's evidence was competent, and Dr. Dood will receive sentence the last day of the next sessions.

26. Orders have been given for the third division of the Hessian troops to be in readiness to embark by the 5th of May for America.